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THE ARTS

VOL. III, No. 6

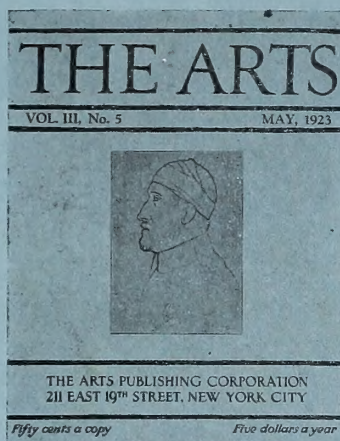
JUNE, 1923



THE ARTS PUBLISHING CORPORATION
211 EAST 19TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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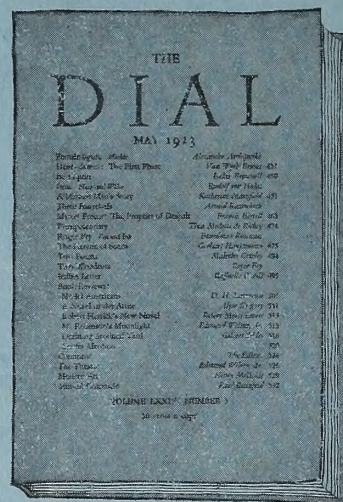


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This issue of THE ARTS is a fair example of the kind of a magazine we publish from month to month. Every issue contains contributions by the best writers on ancient and modern art both in Europe and America. Our aim is to cover the entire field of art without fear, without prejudice. It is edited for active, open minded men and women who wish honest opinions and constructive criticism on the subject of art. Every issue contains eighty pages and more than sixty reproductions of important works.

The current exhibitions are covered each month, and all the important happenings in art circles receive our attention. THE ARTS is at all times edited in the interests of the reader.

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Concerning Our Contributors

Virgil Barker

At one time on the staff of the Carnegie Institute and later director of the Kansas City Art Museum, Virgil Barker has now become Associate Editor of THE ARTS. He will begin active work in this capacity on September 1st, and in the meanwhile will contribute from time to time to THE ARTS. The steadily increasing editorial scope of THE ARTS is one of the reasons why it has been found necessary to add to its editorial staff, and we feel no hesitancy in saying that THE ARTS is to be congratulated on securing the services of a man of experience and proved ability whose belief in the ideals and purposes of THE ARTS is complete, as is also his delight and absorption in his work.

Gabrielle Buffet

The wife of Picabia, Gabrielle Buffet, knows well the world of art in Paris. A friend of Marie Laurencin's, the questions which she asked her in an interview for THE ARTS are refreshingly light and intuitive. She has known how to bring out, by a number of almost playful questions, a short series of statements by the artist which, taken as a whole, make a self-portrait of an exceptionally revealing kind.

Charles Downing Lay

Charles Downing Lay is, without question, one of the most versatile and ablest writers on artistic subjects in this country. Readers of THE ARTS are already well acquainted with his work and know that, in writing of gardens, Mr. Lay speaks as one who holds a very high position in the profession of landscape architecture.

John Bunting

John Bunting, a young painter living in Paris, is obviously in close touch with contemporary developments there. His comments on the spring exhibitions in Paris show that he is a sympathetic observer rather than a confirmed partisan.

John Blomshield

Another new contributor to THE ARTS, now living in Paris, is John Blomshield, also an artist,

and also a writer who knows the times and sees with the eye of an artist. His first contribution to THE ARTS is the entertaining account of the word *pompier* which we have placed in this month's SKYLIGHT.

Edwin Evans

Edwin Evans ranks high among the English music critics. Wide experience has not dulled his enthusiasm for his subject, which he discusses with the skill of the practiced critic and with the broad-mindedness of the writer whose critical conscience is wide awake.

A. E. Gallatin

Mr. A. E. Gallatin, the well-known collector and amateur, makes known, in an article on Gaston Lachaise, his admiration for Lachaise's gifts as a sculptor. Mr. Lachaise has been accepted now for some years as one of the ablest of the sculptors working in America.

Raymond Koecklin

As President of The Society of the Friends of the Louvre, Raymond Koecklin occupies a position of great importance. His knowledge of the needs of a large museum combined with his official position has given him opportunities to observe, from which readers of THE ARTS will benefit, since M. Koecklin has agreed to write several articles for this magazine. From his account of the activities of The Society of the Friends of the Louvre, it is easy to deduce that the Society has set a high standard in its work, a standard which, incidentally, similar societies in this country might emulate.

Harley Perkins

Harley Perkins is a painter and is also art critic of *The Boston Transcript*. He brings a new name to the list of artists who are now writing for THE ARTS, for which more artists write than for any other magazine. Mr. Perkins writes of the Catalonian Fresco which has been recently placed in the Museum of Art in Boston and which is an altogether exceptional addition to the rapidly increasing and widely varied riches that are finding their way into American museums.

The Whitney Studio Galleries

ANNOUNCE

THAT THEY ARE ASSEMBLING SIX SPECIAL EXHIBITIONS
FOR THE SEASON OF 1923 AND 1924 WHICH WILL BE HELD
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MARIUS DE ZAYAS.



MARIUS de ZAYAS

IN the world of art today Marius de Zayas occupies a unique position. Trained as an artist, he won an international reputation as one of the leading caricaturists of his time. In the natural course of his profession, he became the personal friend of many other artists, both here and in Europe. And it was brought home to him that there is a place in the world for a gallery where works of art could be shown under the direction of an artist who knew, from his own experience, the problems of the artist. Mr. de Zayas thereupon established such a gallery, where, with an artist's understanding, he created exhibitions which the most intelligent and far-seeing appreciators always visited. Many of the pictures that he then showed are now in museums and private collections.

The last exhibition which Mr. de Zayas directed was held by The Whitney Studio Galleries. It consisted of the latest works of Pablo Picasso. In his review of the exhibition, Henry McBride, art critic of the New York *Herald*, wrote about the pictures—"They lend an air of great distinction to the rooms, and in turn the rooms, which have recently been done over in pearly tones, set forth Picasso as seldom before."

In THE ARTS for May, Forbes Watson, editor of THE ARTS, wrote—"To the actual list of works of art which make up the display must be added another work of art—the arrangement."

The exhibition was so successful, artistically, and from the point of view of sales, that The Whitney Studio Galleries have decided to hold six special American and European exhibitions during the season of 1923 and 1924. On these occasions the exhibition and sale of drawings, paintings and sculpture will be under the direction of Marius de Zayas.



Announcements of further particulars concerning the six special exhibitions at The Whitney Studio Galleries will be made on this page from month to month, together with a short account of each artist who will be represented. The aim of The Whitney Studio Galleries has been to stimulate interest in the creative artist, and in selecting six special exhibitions for next season the object is to carry on and extend the work which these Galleries have done in the past.

THE WHITNEY STUDIO GALLERIES

8 WEST 8TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

THE ARTS

FOUNDED BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD

FORBES WATSON, *Editor*

WILLIAM A. ROBB, *Manager*

The Head of a Woman by André Derain is reproduced on this month's cover through the courtesy of the Keppel Galleries.

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BOUND VOLUMES *of* THE ARTS

THE publication of this issue of THE ARTS marks the ending of the first half year of publication under the present management and the completion of volume number three.

Many of our readers have expressed a desire to have their copies of THE ARTS bound so that they may be kept for permanent reference purposes. Arrangements have therefore been made to have the magazine bound in volumes of six issues.

The first six numbers of 1923 are now in the process of binding. The cover, in stiff cloth, will be a pleasing blue of a slightly darker shade than the cover of the regular monthly issues. The title of the magazine will be lettered in black type on the front cover and the number of the volume lettered in black on the back of the book.

In the front of each volume will be bound a title page and index which will make it possible to locate any article in the volume quickly. The book will be constructed in every detail so as to appeal to the best taste and will be a valuable addition to the library of anyone interested in art.

Inasmuch as we are binding only a limited number in addition to those for which orders have already been received you should not delay sending in your order. All orders for this volume will be filled as they are received until the supply is exhausted.

The price including the copies is \$6.00. If you have these six issues intact, however, you may return them to us in exchange for those supplied in the volume. This will mean a reduction of \$2.50 from the above price. All carriage charges are extra.



THE ARTS PUBLISHING CORPORATION

211 EAST 19TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

THE ARTS

VOLUME III

JUNE, 1923

NUMBER 6

AFTER a lecture, given at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, last month, one of the audience said:

"Would you mind explaining to me why modern artists make things so ugly? I could be very much interested in modern art if it were only beautiful."

Those wishing to enjoy the sensation which a confidence of this kind gives to the recipient should first find a stone wall. Approaching it until twelve inches away from the stone, bend quickly so that the head comes sharply in contact with the wall. The resulting sensation is what is felt when one is asked "why modern artists always make things so ugly."

Explain! Speech vanished in a flurry of stars. After the stars faded and the head cleared, the question came popping up again. It struck me as the funniest question in the world. I began to waylay people and put the question to them expecting riotous laughter. Not at all. Several otherwise perfectly sane people accepted the question in all seriousness and replied with the utmost sobriety:

"That's exactly what I've been wondering. Why do they?"

Of course the idea is absurd; yet when you realize that it is rather prevalent you can't help wondering about its origin. By actual experiment I found that eighteen people out of twenty people who were asked the question wanted to know "why modern artists make things so ugly." I can't explain the question because it doesn't exist for me. But in trying to discover why so many people hold such strange notions I have learned a little about their ideas of what a beautiful picture is.

It appears that for these people the beautiful picture is a more or less standardized object, and that their standard has been formed by a more or less vague acquaintance with the starred pictures in the guide-books. This standard is at once vague and definitely limiting. It demands that the beautiful picture shall not tread on the toes of accepted ideas. It does not recognize the artist as a personality, or as more than a naturalistic copier of subjects that have been labelled "artistic." It does not recognize form except when it fits exactly in a mould already made. It does not recognize color unless the color is either monochromatic or somewhat sweet. The subject of the picture must suggest an agreeable, sentimental or moral idea.

Any conception of the work of art as a unique creation is outside of this standard. Any thought that sweetness and light may not be part of the artist's aim, and therefore cannot enter into his work, any conception that the artist may look upon life with bitter, penetrating mockery, that he may see color and form as it has never been seen before, that acrid color may serve his purpose better than sweet color, or dissonance better than harmony, that the sweet, the hackneyed, the imitation, the flimsy, the flunky are really the ugly and that what is so often called ugly only appears so to those who insist upon measuring new ideas and new inventions too complacently—any such thought is outside of the limits set by this standard. The new vision, if it be really a new vision, is not ugly to those who care deeply for art as an expressive force. When people ask why modern artists "make things so ugly," is it because they find too disturbing the work of a man who creates compositions and designs which cannot be tagged and measured and put away immediately, each in its proper pigeon-hole?

FORBES WATSON.



WOMAN'S HEAD (Stone)
Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries

GASTON LACHAISE

THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF THE LOUVRE

By RAYMOND KOECKLIN

THE Louvre Museum is one of the richest in the world. Founded in the midst of a French Revolution by a decree of the Convention it inherited the collections patiently gathered during three centuries by the Kings of France, the Italian paintings of Francois I and Louis XIV, and the Flemish and Dutch paintings of Louis XVI. The purchases made by the successive governments of the nineteenth century, the Restoration, Napoleon III and the Republic, continue to enrich it. The erudition of the curators replaced, in the selection of works of art, the taste of the sovereigns and their advisors. But in the last years of the nineteenth century, because the price of art objects greatly increased, principally as a result of the collections that were forming in America, the budget allowed by the State to the Museum was not sufficient to continue in a proper way, the growth of its collection. From all sides, among art lovers, the sentiment arose that the cultivated public which profited by the artistic patrimony of the nation, owned it to itself to contribute to the maintenance of the Louvre. From that sentiment was born, in 1897, the *Société des Amis du Louvre*.

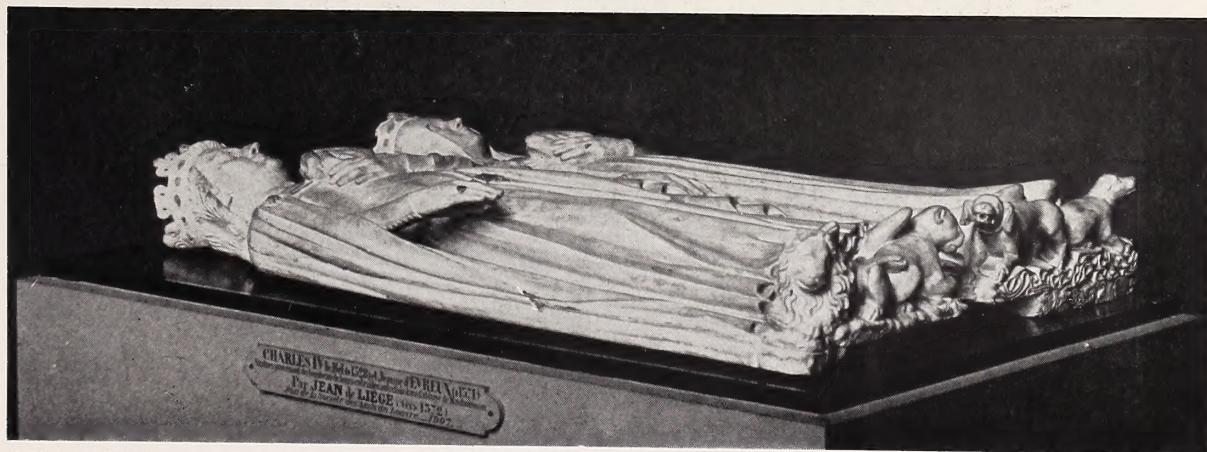
Indeed, the art lovers did not wait until that moment to show their generosity toward the Museum. Numerous gifts were made during the course of the nineteenth century. It will suffice to recall the gift of Sauvageot, that simple violinist of the orchestra of the Opera, who, having succeeded, with the savings of his modest salary, in constituting an



STONE—FRENCH
12th Century

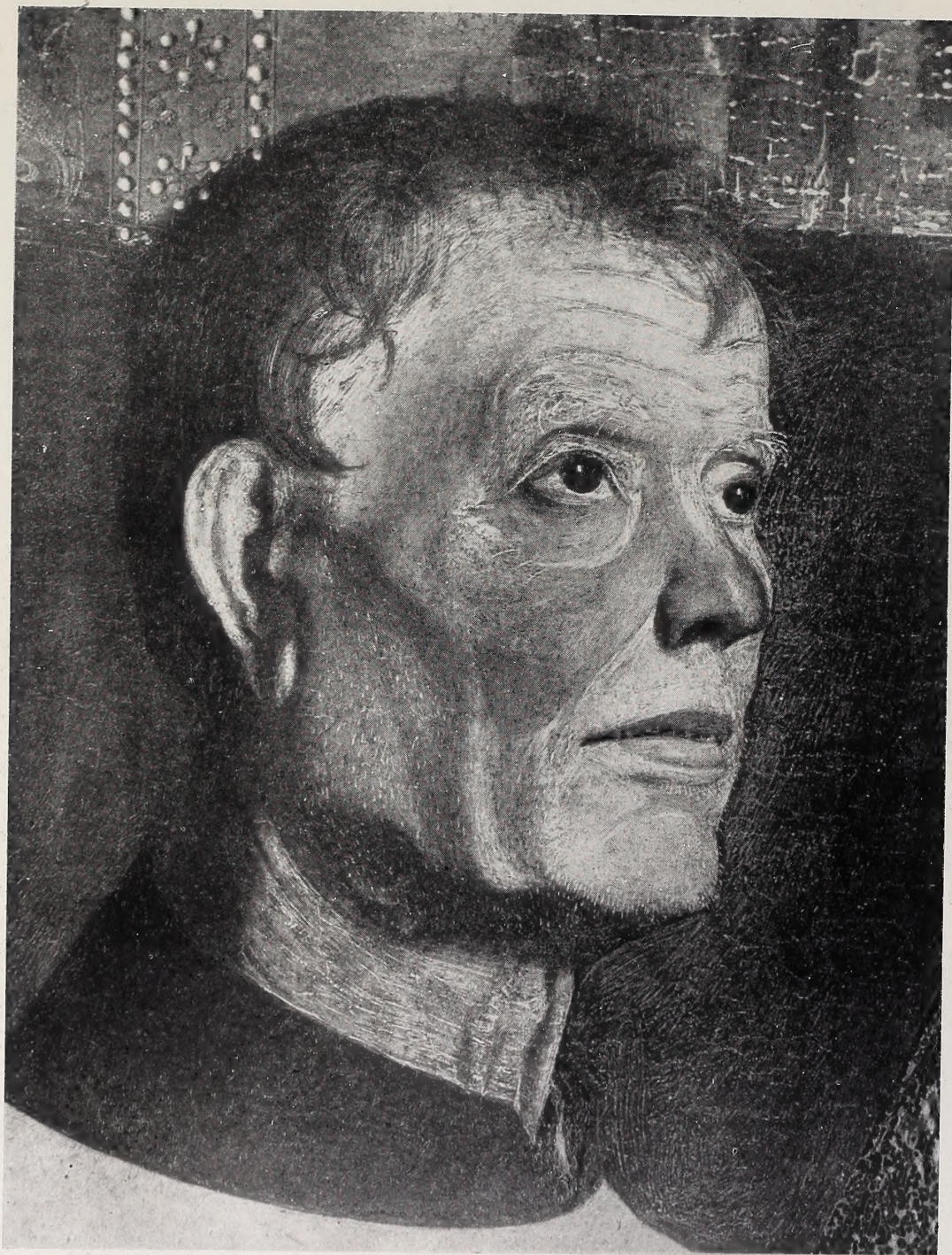


STONE—FRENCH
12th Century



CHARLES IV AND JEANNE D'EVREUX
Three gifts to the Louvre from the Society of the Friends of the Louvre

(About 1372) Jean de Liège



LA PITIÉ D'AVIGNON
See page 377

(DETAIL)

admirable collection of art objects of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, offered it, in whole, to the Louvre in 1856. And in 1870 came the gift of Dr. Lacaze. The admirable paintings of this collection reunited in the entrance of the Museum, in the great hall that bears his name, offer to visitors a most sumptuous and sympathetic reception. Those were, nevertheless, exceptional generosityes. The problem was to reach the great public and not only to obtain from it new gifts, but also to form a fund, capital or income, from which it would be possible to draw, when the funds of the Museum were exhausted, in order to secure works that the Museum needed and would otherwise be likely to lose. At the call of a few men of taste and heart, a committee was constituted which, associating with the curators of the Louvre all the persons who were of account in the world of art lovers of Paris, invited the public to collaborate with them. It is a rare thing when a just idea, well presented, is not well

received; this idea had a quick response, and at the moment of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation, celebrated in 1922, the Society counted nearly thirty-five hundred members.

To enable the less fortunate art lovers to contribute, the yearly quota was very low. It was fixed at twenty francs, but it was understood that those who could do better were not discouraged from doing so. Many made their contribution through a payment of five hundred francs, many subscribed more important sums, and when an occasion that could not be missed presented itself and a greater effort was required, very generous gifts were received. The directors of the Society endeavor to look after its adherents; several times in the year they organize for their benefit visits to private collections in the residences or chateaux which are not easy of access. When Parliament decided to establish an entrance fee to the museums it was arranged to exempt the Friends of the Louvre, and naturally



LA PITIÉ D'AVIGNON

Gift to the Louvre from the Society of the Friends of the Louvre

FRENCH (15th Century)



LA PITIÉ D'AVIGNON

(DETAIL)

See page 377

every time that a gallery is inaugurated in the Museum, every time that a recent gift is exhibited, the Society has the first view. Each year also, at the general Assembly, the names of the donators are announced and a paper is read about one of them and later is published. These notices, when published, form a sort of Golden Book of generosity toward the Louvre.

Thanks to this association of the great public with the curators of the Louvre, extremely important works have been acquired which occupy a prominent position among the masterpieces of the Museum. The first one was the beautiful *Virgin* by Baldovinetti, then came the great Flemish tapestry of the beginning of the sixteenth century, *The Final Judgment*, the *Pitié de Villeneuve d'Avignon*, one of the most moving primitives of the fifteenth century, the *Portrait of Pierre Guthe*, one of the only works signed by Francois Clouet, the titular painter of the Kings of France of the six-

teenth century. The *Eva Pandora Prima* by Jean Cousin, a miniature by Jean Fouquet, and the *Battle of Cannes*, were acquired later, and after them the *Funeral of Phocion* by Poussin, *Turkish Bathers* by Ingres, one of the favorite paintings of the master, and the *Crispin and Scapin* by Daumier. And in sculpture The Louvre received from the Society, in addition to a beautiful example of the Portevine school of the twelfth century, the reclining figures of King Charles IV and Queen Jeanne d'Evreux (fourteenth century) by the famous image-maker, Jean de Liège. The Society further contributed in large measure to the enrichment of the collection of French drawings of the nineteenth century which it acquired in public sales—drawings by Delacroix, Millet, Rousseau, Daubigny, Carpeaux, Dupré, and Daumier, which came to join the forty sepias by Claude Lorraine, bought from M. Heseltine, the great English collector. Moreover, the Society did not fail to aid the formation of new



VIRGIN AND CHILD

BALDOVINETTI

Gift to the Louvre from the Society of the Friends of the Louvre

galleries of Oriental art. When, in 1922, all these acquisitions were assembled during a few weeks in a room in the Louvre, on the occasion of the jubilee of the Society, there was no argument—the Society had obviously fulfilled its purpose for the good of the Museum. A handsome album, published at the time, illustrated the gifts and is a souvenir of the work done by the Society.

Nevertheless, it may be questioned whether the acquisitions made by the Society, no matter how magnificent they are, constitute its best title to recognition. The increase in the price of works of art which created the necessity of its constitution, makes its intervention in the sales difficult, especially during the last few years, and the resources of the Museum and those of the *Amis* are not sufficient for the acquisition of the capital pieces. But many collections exist in this country, once so rich, and innumerable collectors still keep in their possession precious objects. The policy of the Society should be to keep the Museum in the minds of those collectors, to make them love it so deeply that when they think of the future and of the fatal moment when they will be forced to depart from their treasures, the Louvre will be present in their spirits.

It is necessary, if they cannot leave all their works of art to the Museum that they should at least apportion a certain number to The Louvre. No great efforts were needed to make the art lovers form these habits of generosity and the marble plates where their names are inscribed at the doors of the *Galerie d'Apollon*, increase happily every year.

Sometimes entire collections are left to the Museum like those of Baron Davillier and the Count de Camondo and even collections which belonged to foreigners, like those of the Englishman Thomy Thierry or the Russian Baron de Schlichting. At other times single objects are given from illustrious collections at the moment of their dispersal. These are selected often to fill a void in the collections of the Museum. The farther the movement goes the more it is accelerated, and even during the terrible years of the war, when the Galleries were closed, and their treasures had to leave in haste for the safer regions of the South, the gifts kept on being singularly numerous. On the day following the peace, the administration of the museum considered it an honor to reunite them all in a gallery. The opening of this exhibition was the first artistic ceremony which followed the armistice and it was



THE FUNERAL OF PHOCION

NICOLAS POUSSIN



PORTRAIT OF PIERRE GUTHE FRANÇOIS CLOUET
Gift to the Louvre from the Society of the Friends of the Louvre



TURKISH BATHERS

Gift to the Louvre from the Society of the Friends of the Louvre

DOMINIQUE INGRES



ARAB PRAYING

Gift to the Louvre from the Society of the Friends of the Louvre

EUGENE DELACROIX



CRISPIN AND SCAPIN

HONORE DAUMIER



LANDSCAPE

Gifts to the Louvre from the Society of the Friends of the Louvre

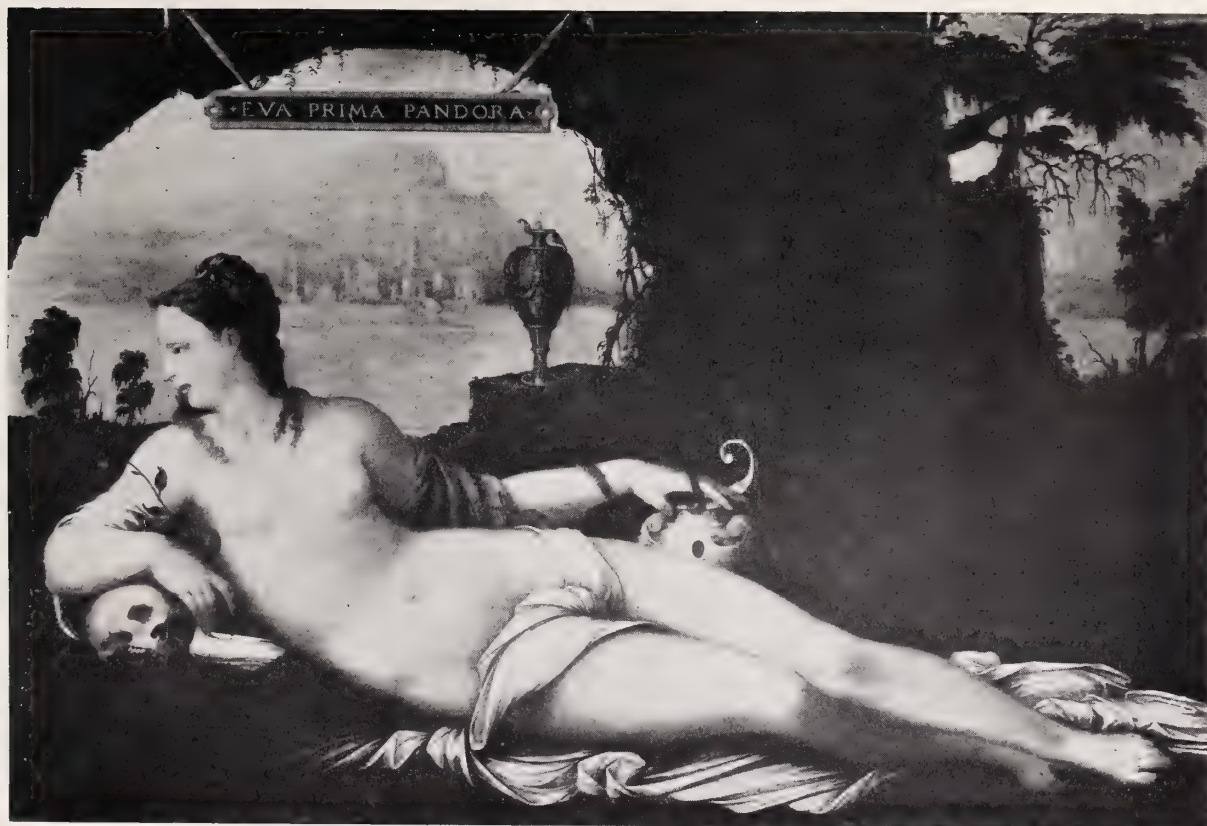
CLAUDE LORRAINE

a very great surprise to many, especially to foreigners, when they saw that on the vast walls and in the numerous show cases the richest and most interesting gifts were accumulated. Of course, all the donators were not *Amis du Louvre*, but they were in the majority. Many were called to sit in the Council of the Society, and even those who had remained outside of the Society were animated by its spirit.

All would not have been said about the *Amis du Louvre*, if its actions during the war were not mentioned. At that moment the question was not the purchase of works of art, and it might have been thought that the Society would become inactive, but it recognized quickly that a rôle of charity was its duty, and it knew how to fulfil it. The old artists, through the war, had lost their means of livelihood, and misfortune was awaiting them; among the young, many were at the front, often leaving their families in distress; the Society intervened to relieve those miseries. The Society no longer asked for payment of fees, but gave notice that those sent to it would be employed for charities for the artists; its appeal was heard, its members continued their

offerings and among the most generous, I have pleasure in saying it, were many made by Americans; one of the largest gifts received by the *Fraternité Artistique*, to which M. Leon Bonnat had so ardently devoted himself, was that of the *Amis du Louvre*.

Similar work for the advancement of museums is carried on in several countries in Europe. It was Holland which gave the example with the *Rembrandt Society*, our senior; in the same year of the foundation of the *Amis du Louvre*, the *Auxiliary Society to Museums* was founded in Geneva, and the *Kaiser Frederick Gesellschaft* in Berlin; later was formed *The National Art Collection Fund* of London. Different rules regulate some of them, but they all have the same purpose and they all fulfil this purpose. We know that the great museums in America also have friends who are the principal causes of their prosperity. It is while thinking of them that these lines are written. Perhaps, even if the means of action of the Americans are more considerable, they might be interested in knowing what old Europe has attempted and what accomplished.



EVA PRIMA PANDORA

Gift to the Louvre from the Society of the Friends of the Louvre

JEAN COUSIN

GERMAN TRADITION AND MUSIC OF TODAY

By EDWIN EVANS

EVERY now and then some champion of modern music flutters the dove-cotes by launching an attack upon one or other of the German classics, whom those of us who have reached middle age were brought up to regard as sacrosanct, at least so far as their music is concerned. One day it is Diaghileff, that shrewd observer, with a finger on the pulse of all that may be termed tendentious, who declares that Beethoven is a putrifying corpse, and Brahms a mummy. Or was it the other way about? The point is immaterial. Another day it is Stravinsky who asserts that Beethoven was a great man, but not a great composer. Long ago it was Debussy who described the personages of Wagnerian music-drama as a society of amiable lunatics who insisted upon presenting you, musically, with their visiting cards at every meeting. Here in England one often hears some young musician denouncing a great master, though the practice is not so common as it was in the first decade of this century, for reasons which will transpire in the course of this article. From all countries in Europe, except those where German is spoken, come these periodical outbursts of elements which are heterodox to the German tradition. They are a symptom of irritation which constantly lures people to say more than they should, and more than they intended.

As one whose sympathies have been enlisted on the side of the heterodox, and to whom personal intercourse has afforded some insight into the true inwardness of these attacks, I feel that I may, without presumption, attempt to explain them. Before proceeding to do so, however, we may as well take it as common ground that any man who challenges a firmly established opinion in any field is almost inevitably driven to overstate his case. A temperate and balanced criticism of the period during which German ideas predominated in music, with a reasonable appraisal of its results, good and bad, would not provoke discussion, and therefore not stimulate thought in wide circles. I know that no editor would give it headlines. But let somebody say that Brahms is a mummy, and out comes the large type; the lethargy of those who have been too docile receives a shock, which is very good for them; controversial heat is generated, and out of its furnace comes, besides a large quantity of slag, a proportion, minute but valuable, of serious thought. If we are very lucky it may even be con-

structive thought. But whether it is or not, the main result is that many people who had previously accepted the general opinion without question are stimulated to look at it, often for the first time, from a critical angle. Let us not therefore be too harsh upon the bomb-throwers who render such good service. Let even the backwoodsman rather say: "God bless mine enemy; he keeps me fit."

Another point that arises from such wholesale disparagement of German music is that, if you probe it, it never *is* wholesale. Just as even the most fanatical of those extraordinary people who preach anti-Semitism invariably has one or two valued Jewish friends, in whose favor he makes exception at the cost of destroying his argument, these denouncers of German music nearly always exclude from their indictment one or other of the German classics. With Stravinsky it is Schubert, whom he regards as the last composer in that tradition before it became tainted. With Darius Milhaud it is Mendelssohn. With many others it is Schumann. Total them all up, and probably each of the German classics will have his champions. Viewed thus, the attack becomes a tribute to German music, just as most forms of anti-Semitism are a tribute to the Jews. It is an admission of achievement.

A third point, equally important, is that the emancipation of music from the predominating German influence, even if we regard it as complete today, is almost everywhere of recent date, and that memories of it are still vivid. It is human nature to abuse the dethroned despot. In another sphere of thought, the Czecho-Slovak, with vivid memories of having been recently an Austrian subject, will have few kind words to say about Austria. When those memories have been dimmed, he will regard the Austrian with a dispassionate, and in due course a friendly, eye. When the vanguard of the musicians of any country denounces subservience to the German tradition, it is an admission that recently the whole body was, and perhaps the rear-guard of those musicians is still today, enslaved to it. When not only the emancipation is complete, but even the occasion for it is fading into oblivion, such denunciations will lose their point, and that is the reason why they are already less frequently heard in England than they were fifteen or twenty years ago, when the German tradition weighed so heavily upon us that national self-expression in music was struggling for its very breath. We still have our

die-hards, among both critics and practicing musicians, who measure the corn of English music with a German bushel, but we have reached the stage at which the mere flow of time is a sufficient corrective. The older generation is thinning, and that which is taking its place is free from such obsessions. The revolution has been effected, and we are permitted to enjoy its fruits in peace. The hatchet is now buried, though evidently at a depth which varies with the individual.

But against what was the revolution directed? As one of its spokesmen, during twenty years of its greatest activity, as well as out of my own personal experience, I think I can supply the answer, which is twofold. In the first place we did not rebel against the German tradition itself, but only against the claim to exclusive authority put forward by its stalwarts. It was a revolt against imperialism, with its ideal of uniformity, and in favor of federalism with its ideal of local autonomy. To this very day that is its basis. Not many months ago Maurice Ravel remarked to me that the nationalists of all countries are brothers, and the internationalists, with their super-state, the common enemy. From that point of view none of us has the slightest objection to what is characteristically German in the German tradition. On the contrary we admire it for being characteristic, and we attribute to it the greatness of the German achievement. But we do not accept it as a law unto ourselves. We prefer that our own achievement should be similarly derived from what is characteristic in us. Only in that sense has the German precedent any force for us. If an English composer, with a sense of English poetry, sets an English poem in an English way, we do not submit to having it criticised on the ground that this is not the way of Brahms or Hugo Wolf. We should think less of the song if it were, for their way is not the way to set an English poem. It does not in the least affect our admiration for the manner in which Hugo Wolf expressed in music the characteristic quality of a German poem. In fact, it enhances it.

The other half of my twofold answer is that there is, however, a revolution, or rather, a reaction, against certain æsthetic tendencies which became concentrated in the later German tradition, and to which we attribute its rapid decline. But even here it is necessary to make the reservation that we do not regard an æsthetic divergence as implying inferiority of achievement. Let me put it this way. If we saw a man running and were in a position, as in point of time we are, which enabled us to see a longer section of the road, we

might form the opinion that his direction deviated from the direct line, but it would not lead us to disparage the style and pace of his running. If he were a magnificent athlete we would say so, but that would not preclude us from discussing the road he had taken. There were grand old skippers who despised sextant and chronometer. Their navigation was open to criticism. Their seamanship approached the miraculous. By analogy, when we call into question the æsthetic tendency which led to the wholesale invasion of music by rhetoric, bringing in its train elements which made for the disintegration of a great tradition, we must be construed as impugning, not the achievements of that tradition, but the direction it then took, a deviation which, as we regard it, widened at every step until today it has reached a point sufficiently remote from the main path to be dangerous to those who still pursue it. Another way of looking at it would be to regard the rhetoric as irrelevant, which it really is. For a century we have been invited to admire this German music because of its rhetorical significance, which is wrong. But it is equally wrong for these firebrands to invite us to belittle it, also because of its rhetoric. The logical course is to ignore the rhetoric and regard it simply as music. Most of it will be found to survive the test. But when the die-hards criticise modern music on the ground that it is deficient in rhetoric, we are tempted to treat them to some rhetoric of another, non-musical kind.

In the beginning this musical rhetoric was purely formal. Compositions began to assume extraordinary likeness to the discourse of a cleric brought up in the classic school of oratory. The latter would begin with his firstly, secondly and sometimes thirdly, then develop his thesis, then recapitulate and add a peroration. It is not a bad way of making music so long as one is not bigoted enough to claim that it is the only way. The final test is the music itself. If it is good it will survive even this straight-jacket. Its worst defect is the assistance and false hope it offers to those who would come to grief if they attempted to follow their unfettered taste, and who are therefore better out of the ranks of artists.

But there is a trait in the German character which inclines strongly to a kind of moral and didactic exaltation. No doubt its loftiness is flattering to German self-esteem, and we would not begrudge them the satisfaction they derive from it if we were not constantly invited to accept it as a standard for the appreciation of music. One of our own staunch defenders of opinions inherited

from the last generation recently laid down as an axiom that all great music must be concerned with the fundamentals of our existence, such as love or death. Well it may be, but it need not. It is, to say the least, quite as likely that the best music is that evolved by cultivation from the primitive instinct which causes a man to sing in his bath. Such preoccupations as those with love or death will not make a piece of music better or worse, any more than they will establish the superiority of one of Raphael's Madonnas over the portrait of the king's dwarf by Velasquez. But these forms of argument are dear to the German soul, and will remain so, even though certain recent events have made the rest of the world somewhat sceptical concerning them.

Writing in 1920 of the grandiose D major theme in Liszt's sonata, Professor Breithaupt declares "its mighty organ-like chords proclaim the omnipotence of God," and no doubt his readers will admire his eloquence. But consider the effect on his pupils who, if they compose, will sit down to their music-paper, not to make music, but, fired by this example, to proclaim the omnipotence of God. For my part I believe that were Beethoven alive today, the irascible Titan would be the first to turn and rend his countrymen for having made the power of his musical delivery a precedent for grandiloquence. My admiration of him holds good because I absolve him from any such intention. Those who attack his fame do so partly because they cannot dissociate him from the mischief that followed, and grew bigger and bigger, until it reached the terrible excesses of the last three decades.

In some instances even this grandiloquence has produced great music, just as there may be good running on a wrong road, but the spectacle of the decadence to which that road has led is enough for us to turn from it and do what we can to save our own music from succumbing to the glamour which very naturally clings to the tradition of a glorious past. We do not ask of our composers that they shall proclaim the omnipotence of God, which proclaims itself without their assistance. We do not lay down the law that, for their music to be considered great, it must be concerned with the fundamental ideas of love or death. It is sufficient for us that they make good music. In ordinary life we regard as morbid the man who dwells upon the idea of death, whilst he who is absorbed in love is generally voted a bore. We are content that music should be an expression of life.

Out of the German predilection for grandiloquence there grew another tendency of which the results are even worse. It is the terrible Teutonic

yearning or *Sehnsucht*. So long as it was indulged in moderation, as for instance by Schubert, it had a characteristic beauty of its own, and that is probably the reason why this composer is Stravinsky's exception to his general indictment. But the contagious abuse of suspensions and retardations, and of the pathetic semitone, with its sentimental yearning for the note next door, has made the expression of this particular form of sentiment so easy that over-indulgence in it was bound to follow, and now, except to German-trained ears, it has reached the very depth of banality. It has come to be the commonest device of the successful restaurant fiddler.

These features, and one or two others I could enumerate, constitute the element in German music against which we rebel when attempts are made to measure our or our other neighbors' music by German standards. To be quite fair, it is necessary to say that the rebellion has attracted recruits even in Germany, where the feeling is gaining ground that things are not as they should be. The dramatically sudden awakening of Schönberg to his danger, after his earlier works had revealed him as drifting down the same incline, is an illustration. His senior by a decade, Strauss, was born too early for a similar awakening to come to him before his course was set, with the result that he went the full length of the road, which has carried him beyond the appreciation of even the staunchest of those who were formerly swayed by his compelling way of repeating, still more grandiloquently, what had been said by his predecessors. "The Legend of Joseph" and some of his recent songs duly made their appearance with something like the irrevocableness of destiny. At the height of his vogue in England I constantly protested against his being praised beyond all discretion. Recently, I have been moved to utter a protest against his equally indiscreet disparagement. It took a strong man to squeeze more juice from an orange that had passed through so many hands. It is unjust to urge against him that he is left with the rind. One of those who were most insistent in lauding him to the skies has since referred to him as the man "who was once a genius." It is not the genius but the juice that has failed him. If any doubt it, let them pore over the total achievement of the countless composers, big as well as little, in Germany and Austria, who are travelling his road today. If what they find there does not convince them, nothing will.

This road that the Germans have travelled, from Beethoven to Strauss, lies entirely within the nineteenth century. The eighteenth knew it not. Bach was kept too busy providing for his children to be

much troubled with yearning, except perhaps for peace and rest. Mozart did not aspire to rhetorical grandiloquence. Scarlatti made music without being pathetic. Thus the whole spirit of the twentieth century stands closer to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth. In all countries each of us is endeavoring to find his own path back to the main road. I read the other day somewhere that Walter Damrosch, addressing the students of an American college, told them that what was wrong with the moderns was that they had no reverence for Mozart. To say that I was staggered is to put it mildly, for Mozart happens to be the one composer who unites them all in affectionate reverence. Though clear enough in the works of Ravel, this is not always equally clear in other twentieth century music, but if, as we contend, music is struggling back to a road from which it was led away for a century, it must expect to strike that road a century beyond the point at which it left it, and it would take considerable assurance to attempt to reconstruct the missing stages.

The essential fact is that Ravel, Stravinsky, Bartok, Bliss, Schönberg, De Falla, Poulenc, and all the rest of them are all in their several ways striving to make music that shall be free from the accretions of the nineteenth century, and an art of pure sound as it was to Scarlatti and Mozart. Their task is rendered more arduous by the gap in continuity. They cannot, like the German traditionalists, raise themselves upon the shoulders of their immediate predecessors. Hence their degree of success is not to be measured by the same standard, but in relation to the proportion between their lingering reliance upon immediate precedent, and their courageous striving towards the recovery of the ideal that has been befogged. But their works must be judged with detachment, as music, and not as logic or ethics, or rhetoric, or any other of those philosophies that music need not know unless it chooses. Above all, let them not be judged by weight. If Michelangelo was a great artist, so was Benvenuto Cellini. When we are told, as we sometimes are, that such music is without rhetoric because its creators have no eloquence, or without sentiment because they have no feeling, or of restricted dimensions because they themselves are puny and short of breath, we know in what blinkers the critic has run the course of his musical life.

Nationalism, in a positive sense, has ceased to have any real importance. As an instrument of liberalism it has had its uses, and we should be ungrateful if we now turned upon it, but there is no longer occasion for an Englishman, a Russian

or a Spaniard to sit down deliberately and consciously to compose English, Russian or Spanish music. Nationalism in a negative sense, which consists in doing your own job and not bothering about the other fellow, is a permanent condition of health in music. Far too long did we wait upon the approval of Germans and those brought up to think like them. We expect a composer to be himself, and not what Germany would have him be. Can we not in England point to a long line of composers who tried their utmost to be Germans and failed miserably, whilst those of today, who have worked out their own salvation, have produced music teeming with vitality. Even when such music falls short of our own standard, honorable failure is more worthy of respect than a pretense that betrays its emptiness, or a bluff that is called.

But the same independence that we assert for ourselves, whether we be Englishmen, Russians, Frenchmen, Italians or Spaniards, we also respect and vindicate in the Germans. We criticise, as we are fully entitled to do, their tendencies in their applicability to ourselves, we deprecate their excesses, and we regret that their tradition should go the way of all flesh, as other traditions have gone before. But we can do all this whilst retaining our reverence for all that was most characteristic in that tradition at its best, for it is precisely the value of characteristic qualities that we are vindicating, against the obliteration of all characteristics in uniformity. We can love Schubert, not in spite of, but because of the characteristically German *Innigkeit* of his sentiment. We gladly let Beethoven impress us, and take a characteristically German way of doing so. We are captivated by the charming *kleinbürgerlich* romanticism of Schumann. We do not allow Wagner's false æsthetic, now the hope of the cinema, to intrude upon our appreciation of his greatness as a tone-poet. We treasure the beautiful lyrical cameos of Brahms. But when we are asked, as we have been, to believe that the form of Ravel's string quartet is babyish beside that of one of Brahms, we cannot but remind ourselves that form is shapeliness, that *formosus* means comely, and that in Brahms' larger works, with all their philosophy, there is none that is of such comely shape as this string quartet by Ravel. That it may not conform to the German standard of Brahms is in its favor, for it could not do so and retain its characteristically Latin beauty which can be described, with more accuracy than the quality of Brahms, as that of classical art.

When Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" was recently performed in Paris there was not a sign of

musical chauvinism among leading modern French composers. They did not even seek to justify their admiration by specious insistence upon the points in which it differs from other German music. They cordially appreciated the skill and the artistic moderation with which Schönberg had expressed a characteristically German mood without permitting it to degenerate into sentimental excesses. But the

respect that the moderns bear to others is also due to themselves. When this is outraged, as it is constantly by the men in blinkers, the less patient of them are tempted to open the German ledger, close one eye, and read down the debit side. That is when we are treated to wholesale abuse of the German classics.

That is when bombs are thrown.



PAINTING

MARIE LAURENCIN



PAINTING

MARIE LAURENCIN

MARIE LAURENCIN

By GABRIELLE BUFFET

"TELL me, Marie, were you ever a child?"

"Yes, and I was unbearable, with no inclination to study, and I was not even fond of play, on account of my extreme short-sightedness. I was full of curiosity, but I soon learned to master myself and stop asking questions as I realized that questions annoy and embarrass people. I had no taste for any art; my great loves were animals and, above all, my dolls. Up to the age of eleven my greatest pleasure was to make dresses for my dolls and to make them I displayed the same patience I now have in making my paintings. Usually those dresses were so small that I had to commence them

over and over again. I had no friends. I loved only my mother but we were not intimate friends. I was very fond of reading fantastic stories. Oriental tales, Edgar Poe, were my delight. It seemed to me that I heard music when I read them."

"But, Marie, what started you in painting?"

"My cat. I was then twenty. My cat had the face of a woman; she had languishing, dreamy eyes, and black headbands like the women in the daguerreotypes. In painting her I always felt I was painting a woman. After I began to paint myself my own portrait has always kept me busy. Not



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to stay at home and to escape the tiresomeness of the house, I went to the Academy where I met Braque. He encouraged me with enthusiasm and it was really he who decided me to work. I met Guillaume Apollinaire and with him, little by little, all the cubists and the Fauves."

"What do you think of cubism, Marie?"

"Cubism has poisoned three years of my life, preventing me from doing any work. I never understood it. I get from cubism the same feeling that a book on philosophy or mathematics gives me. Æsthetic problems always make me shiver. As long as I was influenced by the great men surrounding me I could do nothing. Generally I paint to calm my nerves, and that is no easy task. I am always in bad humor; I am sombre and unsociable. I love the details of life. I attach great importance to costumes, to hats, to all that is suitable to woman and beautifies her. A fashionable woman is to me

the greatest work of art. I love feminine appearance. The hands of women, their feet are my great preoccupation. I dislike the nude. Women's breasts frighten me. I love clothes. Music charms me. I need a melody or a rhythm to bring out of me the composition and even the subject of my pictures."

"Marie, have you ever loved any other painters besides yourself?"

"I do not love myself at all. I would gladly change myself for any other painter, but that would put myself into complications I have not the strength to face. Goya and Titian are the painters I prefer, but I love all painters who, with a delightful appearance, make us feel a drama. I believe that all great talents do that to us. In life I love reserve and silence for I love to feel that behind reserve and silence are emotion and intensity."



PAINTING

MARIE LAURENCIN

"Tell me, Marie, have you had, as a painter, amusing experiences with other people?"

"Not many. One day they asked me to make a portrait of a very large woman and they were astonished when I told them that I could not do the portrait of a very large woman on a very small canvas. But it was logic, was it not? People are also surprised when I vary my prices on portraits according to the subjects. I always charge more for the portrait of a brunette. If people would only realize how painful it is to me to paint black hair they would understand that I have to be better rewarded than when I paint a blond."

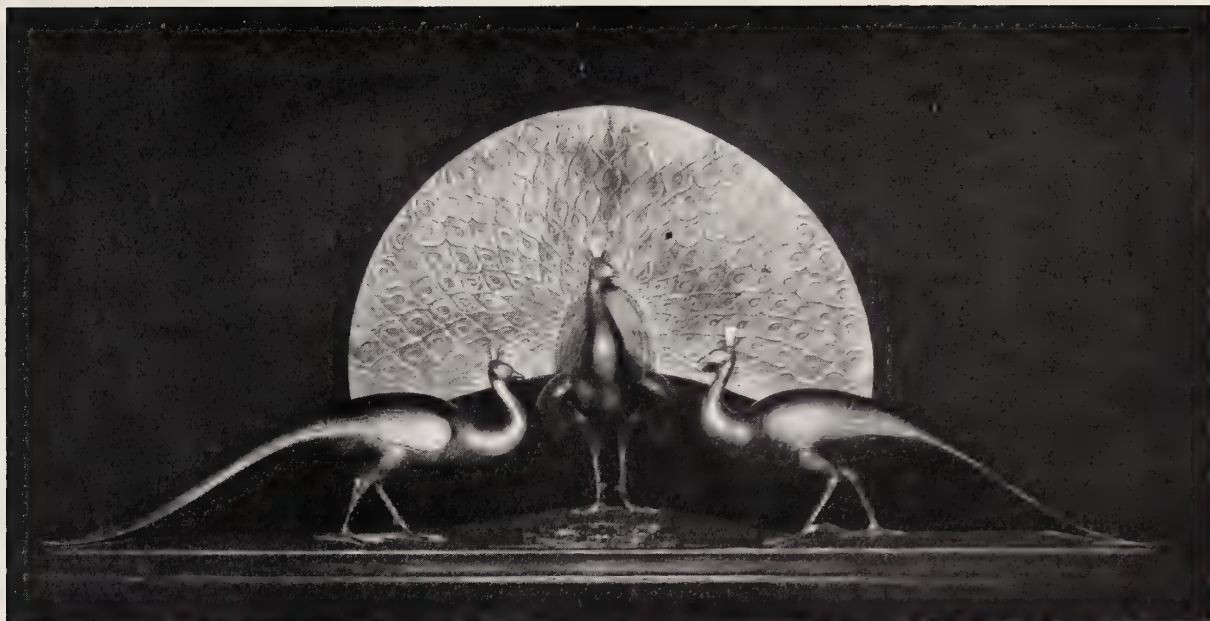
"How do you enjoy your subjects?"

"I have no subjects. I like to represent certain attitudes. I am interested in the plasticity of certain animals. I love the circus, the horses. I love portraits. To me a portrait is like a voyage; it has to me the attraction of a new experience. When I make a portrait I feel as if I were travelling, through another person. I do not like to paint men. I don't know if I am capable of painting a man's portrait. My ambition is that men should have a voluptuous feeling when they look at the portraits I paint of women. Love interests me more than painting. My pictures are the love stories I tell to myself and which I want to tell to others."



PAINTING

MARIE LAURENCIN



PEACOCKS (Bronze)
Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries

GASTON LACHAISE

GASTON LACHAISE

By A. E. GALLATIN

WHAT delight one experiences in reading Walter Pater's critical essays on the genius of various great artists—whether they be painters or poets! With what rare art does he communicate his fervor and permit us to share his enjoyment! And that, I take it, should be the real aim of all criticism.

It is worth while to recall the opening sentences of Pater's erudite and delightful essay on the poetry of Michelangelo, in which he enumerates some of the elements which are common to all vital art. They make an excellent avenue of approach to a correct understanding and appreciation of the art of Gaston Lachaise, the young sculptor whose work is presented on the pages which follow.

One is invariably surprised and excited in the presence of a true work of art, Pater tells us. But we must also be charmed, he continues, and the strangeness must be a lovely strangeness, such as the blossoming of the aloe. Writing to-day in New York, instead of over fifty years ago in England, perhaps Pater might have had something to say about the "kick" or the "bite" in a significant work of art; at any rate these adjectives are expressive.

Contemplating the bronzes and the marble and stone images of Gaston Lachaise, one experiences the emotions noted by Pater. This is also true of the wood figures carved by William Zorach and Robert Laurent. Studying Lachaise's work one realizes that it is thoroughly alive and that his conceptions are entirely his own. One perceives, also, that Lachaise possesses a profound knowledge of the fundamentals of his art. And of the greatest importance is the fact that his art is of his epoch, that it is modern in feeling. If it were not, his learning and technical equipment would count for little. Lachaise's sculpture is as modern in conception, as contemporaneous, as were the marbles fashioned into life by Phidias, Michelangelo, Houdon and Rodin, as original and pulsating as are the works of the living Maillol and Epstein. (The latter once told me that there was nothing original about his work, but no matter.) The point that the artist must not neglect the movement of life going on around him can not be stressed too often.

In the course of several very interesting conversations held with Lachaise in his Sixth Avenue studio, elevated trains the while crashing past, the sculptor



PEACOCK
GASTON LACHAISE
Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries

discussed his art with much eloquence. Keenly intelligent, the sincerity and the simplicity of the artist find their counterpart in his work. It is the fundamentals which interest him, and always he is endeavoring to simplify, and simplify his art still more. His creations always possess a rhythm of singular beauty, a rich harmony of undulating forms.

The massive women's heads which Lachaise has cut in marble, or more often in stone, portions of which he sometimes stains, or gilds, as was the custom in Greece, are truly monumental in feeling. Impressive in their nobility and calmness, a genuine emotional quality is there. In looking at these heads, which can scarcely be called portraits, for Lachaise never works from models (unless it be a portrait commission), one thinks of what Rodin said when lost in admiration before a black marble figure which had been brought to Turin from Egypt. "We are too uneasy," he said, "too agitated today, but we shall return to this art of vigorous health and this will become the art of future centuries." It seems curious to feel obliged to note the fact that Lachaise always chisels these heads himself, occasionally directly from the stone or marble, without first modeling it in clay—a great feat.

Of his full-length figures, perhaps the most important is the model of the proposed heroic figure for the Telephone and Telegraph Building. The serene figure of a young woman, classic in its simplicity and pregnant with grace, is seen holding in one hand a globe of the world, while in the other rest the towering skyscrapers which have become symbolical of New York. A marvellously beautiful creation, very sculptural and possessed of great style—a statue in fact which, if ever cut in marble, will surely be ranked as one of the important achievements of our generation.

Some of the most interesting and significant things Lachaise has done are his studies of animals. His love of voluptuous and swelling forms has found full play in these magnificent and highly decorative interpretations of peacocks, of sea-lions, of dolphins. Three peacocks form a handsome arabesque in one of the groups, while in another they are seen posed like terminal gods. A sea-lion raises its head with a superb gesture above his massive body, the thick folds of flesh quivering with life. In another group several dolphins are seen disporting themselves, a masterpiece of rhythm.

Childe Hassam and Joseph Pennell are among those who are fond of telling us that New York is the most beautiful city in the world, and their representations of New York give weight to their



LEAPING DOLPHINS (Bronze)
Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries

GASTON LACHAISE



SCULPTURE

GASTON LACHAISE

Model of Proposed Heroic Figure for Telephone and Telegraph Building, N. Y.



W O M A N ' S H E A D (Marble)

G A S T O N L A C H A I S E

allegation. C. R. W. Nevinson, the English painter, said that New York might have been especially made for him. Lachaise, who has entirely freed himself from the ancient and at times it would almost appear overworked, soil of Europe, is most emphatic in stating that to-day America is distinctly the most sympathetic country for the artist to live in. As sympathetic and inspiring as was Greece. "The artist coming from Europe," he says, "immediately perceives that elementary force, which gives him enthusiasm and expansion," adding that "He becomes aware that the soil the most fertile for the continuity of art—is here."

For those who crave that sort of thing, I offer the following biographical notes. Gaston Lachaise was born in Paris, in March, 1882. He studied at the Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts, principally under Gabriel Jules Thomas, from 1898 to 1903, and even exhibited at the Salon. The time spent at the Beaux Arts the sculptor claims profited him but little—excepting that it showed him that the meth-

ods of instruction they pursued were not the correct ones. He felt the loss of contact with life, an inability to develop his imagination. In 1905 Lachaise came to America and worked at his calling in Boston for a period of seven years, when he moved to New York, which still claims him as a citizen. For a while Lachaise worked for Paulanship. A few years ago he became an American by naturalization.

The significant features of Lachaise's career, however, are scarcely suggested in the above notes. It is important to remember that the artist arrived at his present position only after a long, hard course of study and training. Also, that his visits to the Louvre taught him more than he learned at the Beaux Arts, and that he really did not begin to create until he came to New York. Need one add that Lachaise is represented in no museum and that American officialdom has awarded him no medals? Genius and the carrying on of the great traditions are not as lightly forgiven as all that.



SEA LION (Bronze)

GASTON LACHAISE

BEAUTY IN GARDENS

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY

IT has always been difficult to explain to ourselves why the artistic work which is done with actual objects, such as a garden or a real landscape, is or is not a source of æsthetic pleasure, and what the reason is for the difference which we feel in the pleasure given by an object and the picture which that object has inspired.

In the eighteenth century there were many men who wrote at great length on created landscapes. Sir Uvedale Price compared them with Claude and Salvator Rosa's landscape paintings, but his analysis of the paintings was sentimental, intellectual, not a matter of emotion conveyed through the eyes, so that his remarks on landscapes have little value. Gilpin was almost wholly guided by the pathetic fallacy; Repton was most reasonable of all and suspected, as he said, that landscape painting and actual landscape have little in common. It has often stumped people to explain why if a landscape be beautiful (as we say) a picture of that same landscape may be without æsthetic emotion. Roger Fry, in *Vision and Design*, touches on this when he says that the artist is the poorest judge of the value of objects (as furniture, glass, carvings) to ordinary people, for what we call a beautiful object may arouse no emotion in the artist and, on the contrary, something quite ugly may fill him with joy. This seems to be the point where artist and layman separate. The artist can see no beauty in an object if it fails to stimulate his delicate sensitivity to the emotion of beauty and the layman cannot understand why the artist is aroused to creative frenzy by something quite commonplace or ugly.

When we say creative we give a hint of the trouble, for the artist is never satisfied with things as they are, things as such do not interest him, but what he does care for are his own creations which are wholly new and if successful they have, because of their perfect organization in a new form, a real vitality. It is a living organism which the artist creates and its beauty is its own, not that of the object which it looks like or which obviously stimulated the artist.

With ordinary people and until they have been taught the artist's view, the thing, be it chair or chandelier, ends there; there is nothing further, and the artist's use of the thing in a picture has for them no different values from that of the thing itself. This is the reason, I think, why people before a work of art are led to make critical remarks

about small details, for they cannot understand how if a chair inspired the creation of a work of art it should be unrecognizable to them in the picture as that chair. I think this gives us the clue to the relation between real landscapes and painted landscapes. It is true that a lovely scene may arouse no feeling in the artist for he sees no picture in it, while another quite commonplace landscape is constantly suggesting intriguing experiments in composition. We must conclude, therefore, that artists and landscape builders do not see things with quite the same eyes, but I believe there are some rules or principles common to both.

Harmony, which is of supreme importance in a picture, is perhaps the first consideration in works of landscape design. It is obtained by similarity of shape and position of objects, by direction of lines, by color, and is shown by the intention of the designer in the whole work. Harmony produces a unity of feeling, showing that the designer started with an idea and carried it forward without change of heart or inconsistency. It would be inharmonious and displeasing to mix styles or to have one feature obviously done with a different feeling.

Harmony may be obtained, too, by repetition of contrasts, the antithesis of harmony, but a single contrasting feature is to be used sparingly or it loses its kick. It is most stimulating and safest when it is a contrast in a single quality, the others remaining in harmony. We might for contrast use a tree of a darker green but to gain harmony have it of the same shape. If it be darker in color and also different in shape it becomes perhaps an alien object in the view unless it be many times repeated. A New England pasture with bay bushes and cedar trees which contrast in shape and differ in color produce by their constant repetition a strong sense of harmony. In like manner a repetition of the same color contrasts may bring about a strong impression of harmony in the work. Harmony can be secured in many different ways and is simple to understand when one begins to think about it, but one should not think that the harmony which is sameness or monotony is desirable.

Balance is of next importance in a picture and may be attained by perfect symmetry on one or two axes, which may be dull, or asymmetrically by means of balanced attractions, which is likely to be more interesting. It should be equally important in a landscape, but if one walks about in the

landscape, the view is constantly changing and one must balance the scene for oneself or remain unsatisfied until, with further change of position, it does balance. This perhaps explains why quite ordinary work often makes a favorable impression in a photograph, for there may be one spot in a dull landscape which gives the camera an opportunity for some sort of picture. If we abandon the English landscape ideal and work in the French or Italian manner of long symmetrical avenues with blocks of forest between, through which one cannot see, we find that so long as one is on the walk or avenue it is balanced.

A park-like landscape, which is mostly to be seen from one spot, as from a porch or window, can be balanced symmetrically or without symmetry, the latter way requiring more skill and being a little more subject to chance in the growth of living plants, but it is more satisfying and less tiresome.

A garden, of course, is much more easy to handle and indeed is nothing without balance. In a symmetrical garden I think one feels the symmetry even when off the axis, just as one does in a church. Knowing it to be symmetrical we put ourselves mentally on axis even while enjoying a diagonal view.

Rhythm, which is ordered repetition of movements, such as a tree with drooping branches or a group rising in one direction, is most difficult of all qualities to manage, but is ever present in the landscape and of infinite importance in its emotional effect on the observer. In natural landscape it is seen in hills and mountains, in moving lines of tree shapes. In a landscape design it is to be secured by repetition of intervals between trees, of lines, of roads, and of tree shapes.

These things are parts of the machinery of picture and landscape making which must be fitted together with some skill in order to make the thing go. What it does when it goes is another matter. It should give us what Berenson calls the highest æsthetic emotion of all, that of space composition, or a keener perception of space relations, so that we feel before the created landscape as we often do before a picture a catching of the breath, a deep inhalation and an expansion of the spirit, with the quick realization of the third dimension. It must, I think, be the instantaneous perception visually of the third dimension in a world which ordinarily seems a succession of diversified patterns on one plane, that gives us this emotion. This is an emotion which the garden designer can play on most successfully, for he has under his control not only the immediate garden with all its different masses, its enclosure, but often all outdoors to work with.

He can, I think, modify or intensify the impression of the view and make the relation of garden and the outside landscape what he will.

Color, undoubtedly, is a great source of emotional pleasure in gardens, but it has been given undue importance in books and made a talking point by lady designers who are supposed to be peculiarly sensitive to color impressions. If a garden is a good one it is good without flowers, which indeed, if overdone, may vitiate the best qualities of the design. There is no surer way to unbalance a garden than to have great blotches of color in the wrong places. They are always demanding the attention of the eye, which is drawn toward them in spite of other attractions. Harmony, balance and rhythm are as important in color as in the masses or outlines of the garden, but particularly balance, for many colors are harmonized by the light which always modifies colors outdoors. It is strange how little people consider the color of light as it affects the garden, for the difference between the cold, blue light of noon and the warm light of late afternoon is tremendous. Light, as color, certainly affects our feelings, for how else can one explain the lack of interest which we have in the landscape at noon and our enthusiasm toward night? The changing shadows of evening play a part in this, no doubt, as well as the warm light which precedes twilight. As the light fails it intensifies the colors which, as we have seen, are paled by the light of noonday.

There is something in a closely organized plan for landscape development, although the finished work be not seen as a plan but always in perspective, which helps the emotional effect. I think it must be that a thoroughly studied plan tends to a certain completeness of detail, to a reasonableness of proportion which gives the work a degree of vitality not found in amateurish or hasty productions. That the design, as shown in the plan of a garden as in the scheme of a picture or any work of art, is what gives it value and makes it beautiful is obvious. It is in design that the hand of the master shows, it is its design that makes any work valuable and a source of lasting pleasure. Whether the work be a garden of Renaissance Italy or a Japanese composition, its quality comes from its design and not from the materials of which it is made, or from the happy location.

There is, nevertheless, in all design with objects an intrinsic value which inevitably makes a strong appeal. Sullivan, who paved the floor of his saloon with silver dollars, had a start of the man who might paint the floor in a handsome pattern, for

silver dollars are something and are always agreeable to look at.

So our trees have a value in utility for timber, for shade, for protection from wind. Our walks are useful and serve their purpose without waste or needless effort. We cannot avoid this prepossession in our favor because of the value and utility of our work, and indeed these things have their place like thrift and wise economy. To do the most work with the least effort, to have everything quiet and in good taste is something, but how much more it is to have added to these homely qualities the sensation of beauty?

For after all the value of Silver Dollar Sullivan's floor was only that of the material, whereas work done by an artist has a value greater than the material and the mechanical labor put on it.

Because it is real the material used in a garden must be most carefully considered. It will not do to use cast iron fountains or artificial stone, or plants which look too coarse and weedy for such civilized surroundings. As we must consider that the beauty of the garden as a whole is its chief justification so we must consider that quality and not quantity in the objects in the garden is of the greatest importance.

Nowhere is the sensuous appeal so strong as in a garden, and nowhere can it be so easily combined with the æsthetic emotion of beauty. Sweet odors, pleasant sounds of birds, of wind in the leaves, of water, innumerable forms which through sympathy arouse our sense of touch and movement, all help to make the garden a delight to our spirits.

Since a garden scene appeals to us so strongly in so many ways, it should not be marred by inconsistent or displeasing features. It should have a standard of quality which every feature must meet. It does not matter much whether the standard be low or high, either way it must be adhered to. We should not, for instance, grow sunflowers in the same garden with roses, yet one can easily imagine a garden of things like sunflowers and planned on that standard as a beautiful possibility. In the materials of the garden we should also adhere to a standard and not have concrete walls and marble

pools in the same garden. This is a matter of what we call good taste, which like harmony may have its danger in producing dullness and in holding back the free impulses of the spirit.

Nor should we fail to take advantage of whatever satisfaction we can get from the neatness and order which is so much a part of good gardening. The spirit of the place must be carefully adhered to in this regard. If it be like a drawing room in the elegance and perfection of its decoration it must be as carefully tended. But in this as in its furnishing all must be in keeping.

We are nowhere free from intellectual restraints in the garden and we must some day come to realize that exotic plants, in a scene which pretends to be natural, are an offense. We should, with further thought, become more sensitive to the feeling of the exotic and realize that few European plants look right in our landscape. This is notably so with the Norway spruce which has been planted in almost every dooryard. Our own trees, such as those of the Rocky Mountains or the Pacific slope, do not as a rule seem quite in place on the Eastern seaboard. Nor do I care to see many of our Eastern trees far out of their natural habitat, which may be great in range but limited in location. Many of them which the botanies say are found from Maine to Texas are found wild only in certain places, as on river banks or other special situations. To see them out of place is always a shock to our taste.

The feeling that conditions and restrictions are a stimulation to the creative impulse comes to the beginner slowly. He wishes at first for a clean slate and unlimited means, but as he grows he welcomes difficulties and considers the site where anything may be done stupid and uninspiring.

The conditions for perfection lie not in the site, not in material things, not in the money spent, but in the spirit of the designer, who needs, in this sensuous and practical art, all the knowledge he can acquire and all the talent with which he has been endowed, together with a sympathetic and appreciative client, for he cannot, like other artists, create first and sell afterwards.



MADONNA AND CHILD
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

GIOVANNI BELLINI



THE RAPE OF DEIANIRA

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

POLLAIUOLO

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE EXHIBITION

By DUDLEY POORE

EVEN in New York, where week by week, like migrating birds, paintings of the first importance pass with a flash of colored plumage, an exhibition containing a Pollaiuolo new to this city, rarely-seen portraits by Botticelli and Castagno, a portrait attributed to Antonello da Messina, a couple of recently discovered works by Bellini, unfamiliar panels by Sassetta, Tura, Giovanni di Paolo and others, is an event not without stimulation. The Metropolitan Museum has brought together for the summer months a loan collection of the arts of the Italian Renaissance as notable for range—it includes paintings, sculpture, furniture, ceramics, metalwork, textiles, engravings and illustrated books—as for the significance of its items.

The Rape of Deianira, by Antonio and Piero Pollaiuolo, long visited in the Jarves Collection by

a few of the devout, would alone be sufficient to lend the exhibition a more than ordinary importance. Few paintings summarize as completely as this a supreme moment in the history of art. All that the Florentine scientists of the first generation after Masaccio labored to achieve in the dawning mastery of movement, all the tense and ferocious energy of their incomparable rhythms, all their austere poetry of form in perfect fullness of realization is here concentrated in the figure of Hercules against a silvery landscape—as lovely as any in Italian painting—of winding river, distant tower and dome, and the far blue of encircling hills. The Pollaiuoli may have been, as we are told, solely occupied with science and theory. If so they builded better than they knew, like more than one school of painting since their time. Certain it is that they now move



CHRIST IN LIMBO
Lent by the Fogg Art Museum

SASSETTA
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

us less by their erudition than by the sweep of their tremendous poetry, and by the inexhaustible vitality they brought to the rendering of movement.

Side by side with the Rape of Deianira hangs a work no less important, by another—perhaps the greatest—of the Florentine scientists. The Portrait of a Young Man by Castagno, closely akin to the Deianira, applies with gigantic force to portraiture the Pollaiuolan qualities of intense and energetic realization. Here Castagno's heroic swagger, his swirling, fiery power, his force and penetration, live in the dynamic contours, in the steely rhythms, in the crystal-hard surface of a painting at once subtle and violent. The small nervous hand clenches one fold of the red tunic as if to wring water from a stone. From that earth-brown face, sharp against the pale, blue-green sky, looks the soul of concen-

trated reality, burning vividness and troubled fire.

Those unfortunate scientists! We have all been told how they were led astray by their own dexterity. Modern criticism has explained away everything belonging to them except their works. Why is no movement on foot to attribute to someone else their inexplicable masterpieces? Can it be, after all, that criticism is less creative than we had supposed?

In thinking of the Castagno portrait one word does not readily come: refinement. When we turn to Botticelli's head of Giuliano de' Medici refinement is the very word that springs first to the lips. Beside Botticelli, who himself felt the influence of science and naturalism in his youth, Castagno is suddenly brutal, superbly animalistic, like some elemental god of the warm earth. The proud, pale,

supercilious Giuliano, celebrated by Politian, assassinated in his twenty-fifth year, the lover of Simonetta, the father by a less celebrated mistress of Pope Clement VII, is all calm, cultivation, intellect, cruelty, romance. Refined, too, is the fine harmony of black hair and doublet against the soft gray background, with a line of white and crimson showing at the throat. Not always is Botticelli's color so satisfactory, not always is his manner so broad and nobly poised. One is irresistibly reminded of his magnificent portrait heads in the Sistine frescoes.

A suggestive instance of the way in which a great tradition could, upon occasion, lift a mediocre Florentine artist to an achievement far above his own stature is the Portrait of a Lady which bears the attribution to Fra Diamante. Neither the flabby

popes Fra Diamante painted in the Sistine Chapel, nor his angels in the ceiling at Prato would lead one to expect anything of interest from his hand. For a quarter of a century he was no more than the dutiful assistant of Fra Filippo Lippi, helping his master at Prato and Spoleto, and there, in the latter city after Fra Filippo's death finishing without distinction the interrupted work. Who would have believed that he could paint a work of such beauty as this sharp, almost bitter profile of waxen pallor, these tense little lips drawn to a tight scarlet slit, these bloodless cheeks stretched taut as a mask against the white panel where a slanting ray of light falls from above?

The roll of Florentine paintings in the exhibition is completed by a Rosselli Madonna, a charming Pier



PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

GIOVANNI DI PAOLO

Francesco Fiorentino and a pleasing but not vital profile of Giovanna Tornabuoni with taffy colored curls and a taffy bodice by the slightly routine Ghirlandajo.

Easily first among the Sieneſe paintings ſtands the Fogg Chriſt in Limbo by Sassetta, one of the high ſpots in the preſent collection. Its color is pure and luminous to an amazing degree its technique refined and delicate. Nothing farther from the grand, plastic genius of the Florentines could poſſibly be imagined. Sassetta painted in the early Renaiſſance, yet in feeling he is all Gothic miſticism, Gothic line. Living and working but a few miles from Florence, Sassetta was in reality, like all Siena, much cloſer to Asia in art and temperament. Deeply mediæval, deeply poetic, delicate in drawing, profound and moving in his ſtrangely imaginative conceptions, unſurpaſſed in harmony and variety of color, exquisite in linear rhythm, Sassetta alone among later Sieneſe remains the peer of Duccio and Simone. In the wonderful little Chriſt in Limbo all his qualities—ſaving his rare gift of eerie, ſilent landscape and emotional ſkies—appear conſpicuouſly. The Oriental drapery of the Chriſt is a calligraphic poem. Oriental, too, is the ſtartling manner in which the devil's black claws on the left of the compoſition are made to balance the rich group of vermilions, blues, greens, reds and yellows on the right.

Sassetta's racy little pupil Giovanni di Paolo has no leſs than nine panels on view. None of Sassetta's depth in Giovanni, none of his miſticism. Giovanni's world is all profane in ſentiment. Sacred perſonages are indeed frequent in his works, yet they appear ſomehow to be engaged in ſlightly ſecular occupations. Dull and grotesque as are his larger compoſitions, there is nevertheless ſcarcely a ſingle ſmall panel by him without its charm or its amuſement. He is bizarre, fantastic, imaginative, abſurd, irritating and irrepreſſible. With all theſe he had a ſtreak of high romance, a vein of poetry, an audacity in the invention of non-repreſentational landscapes which makes him peculiarly intereſting and ſympathetic today. The panel of Saint John in the Deſert is a caſe in point.

Later phases of Sieneſe painting are illuſtrated in ſmall panels by ſtill another pupil of Sassetta. Vecchietta, and by two painters who were in their turn the partners and pupils of Vecchietta. Neroccio di Landi has been called a new Simone. Some echo of Simone's muſic he does catch, but the rhythm has grown ſlack, the harmonies attenuated, the melodic line—not without charm ſtill—moves

a little ſlowly and monotonouſly. In the tender panel of his partner Francesco di Giorgio with its clear, freſh tones of roſe and its air of demure refinement, one looks in vain for ſome trace of the creative vitality that made the verſatile Francesco a painter, ſculptor, architect, military engineer, poet and organizer of maſques.

The Umbrian group, though well repreſented, contains the leaſt notable paintings in the exhibition. Boccatis and Bonfigli are here with garlands and ſweet looks. To ſpeak croſſly of them were like ſpanking a good child for getting egg on its dreſs. There is alſo an example from the ſhop of ſoſteſt Perugino.

More intereſting is the Saturnino de' Gatti with its curious Abruzzi flavor, its greeniſh tonality, its tang of remote mountain air, and its angels like wild birds.

With the North Italian group we again mount to the ſummits of painting. Among the artiſts ſhown the Ferrareſe Tura holds the firſt place with an Adoration of the Kings from the Fogg muſeum. Here in their metallic draperies are the hard, rock-like figures which Tura learned to draw at the Paduan workshop of Squarcione, under the influence of Mantegna and Donatello. Here is that ſubtly harmonized Ferrareſe color, ſo ſtrange, ſo unlike the color of any other ſchool, with its peculiar blue that turns ſilvery blue-green in the highlights, the red-violet, the greeniſh black, the dull vermilion that combine with ſuch emotional effect and with a ſubtlety no leſs great than Sassetta's, though ſo remotely different. Here are the dignified forms, the monumental deſign that remind one of Piero della Franceſca. Here, too, a ferocious energy of realization not unrelated to Caſtagno. Hardly leſs intereſting than the Tura is the figure of a Biſhop, attributed to Coſſa. Drawn as if ſeen from below in a landscape where the diſtant hills riſe ſcarcely to its ankles, the maſſive figure, folded in its great draperies, towers againſt the empty gold ſky to impreſſive height.

The laſt lingering note of Byzantine influence in the art of Venice is repreſented by a ſumptuous Crivelli Madonna and Child Enthroned, with flat gold brocades, a Squarcionesque garland, a tall lily in a vaſe, and a tiny kneeling donor. Of the period juſt before Giorgione are the two recently diſcovered Madonnas of Bellini, one painted after the artiſt had adopted the uſe of an oil medium, one much earlier, in tempera, with a rocky hill in the background, full of Mantegna's influence. Even more profoundly ſtirring is the handsome portrait



PORTRAIT OF A LADY
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

FRA DIAMANTE

attributed to Antonello da Messina, a work which need give place neither to the Castagno, the Pollaiuolo, nor the Botticelli. Whence comes this grave, almost tragic head by the mysterious Sicilian, with its haunted eyes? It is far enough removed in mood from some of the Antonello portraits with which we are familiar, from the smiling lips and provocative, sidelong glances of the Altman, Johnson and Borghese heads. Yet the distinct touch of northern feeling is like Antonello.

A highly individual relief by Agostino di Duccio, a subtly characterized portrait bust by Francesco Laurana, and a vigorous head, perhaps by Pietro da Milano, are outstanding examples, items in the sculpture exhibit. Small bronzes, majolica, textiles, cassoni and other furniture from private collections, together with a selection of prints and illustrated books, complete the ensemble of a memorable exhibition, which the visitor will find both enjoyable and illuminating.



ADORATION OF THE KINGS
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

COSIMO TURA



T R E E

S H E E L E R

CREATION AND APPRECIATION

By VIRGIL BARKER

DURING recent years the tendency among writers on æsthetics has been to emphasize the superficial resemblance between the creation of art and the appreciation of art. Some enthusiasts have gone so far as to claim that the latter is a re-creation, though they cannot convincingly explain why that word should be applied to a process which inevitably stops short of creation. For the sake of straight thinking it is time to emphasize the difference between creation and appreciation.

How fundamental that difference is appears most clearly by distinguishing the contrasting ways in which the artist and the appreciator look upon the relationship between art and life.

For the artist, life is good mainly as it affords incentive and material for his art. It is for the making of works of art that he exists; it is towards that that every impulse of his being strains and struggles; it is for art that he lives, for art that he dies. Life is but so much stuff to be made over

into his art, and the things and people in life are valuable in so far as they feed his tremendous urge to make art. If a man's attitude towards his art is less intense than this, less fanatical, then he is no artist; he is only a dilettante or a mercantile exploiter of his own talent.

For the appreciator, on the other hand, art is good only in so far as it contributes to life, giving it a reach and range it could not otherwise have. He comes to art in search of additions to his experience—additions of a selected quality which will make life more significant, which will enhance its livableness.

The making of art is a process of boiling down a great deal of life into the essence of art—a process of condensation. The appreciation of art is a process of living oneself out into its multitudinous separate manifestations—a process of expansion. For the artist, life is for the sake of art; for the appreciator, art is for the sake of life.

As a consequence of the artist's necessarily intense feeling about his art, we must not be surprised if he is intolerant. His very success as an artist depends upon the actual works of art he puts forth, and the success of these in turn depends upon the depth and strength of his convictions about art. Before he can convince others he must himself be convinced. He must be absolutely sure of the rightness of his own way of seeing things, his own way of working; but the result is that he is apt to be quite as sure of the wrongness of different ways of seeing things and different ways of working.

On the other hand, as a consequence of the appreciator's demand that art add to the individual life, we must expect tolerance of him. Indeed, he should be not merely tolerant but eager to discover new ways of exploration out into nature and into the human mind. If the lover of art allows himself to be persuaded into the belief that any one artist or school of artists can say the last word, he is merely selling his birthright as an appreciator for the mess of pottage which is the usual lot of partisan dilettantes. In depriving himself of infinite possibilities of delight he simply limits his own development as a complete personality.

This is why the pronouncements of artists upon the art they practice cannot always be accepted at face value. This is why, for instance, the claim so often advanced—that the appreciating public must accept the judgment of a painter on painting—needs pronounced qualification. What truth there is in that claim is of a very limited application. Any painter's judgment upon painting is decidedly worth having as long as he keeps pretty closely to his own sort of painting.

We should be willing to give especial deference to the opinion of Childe Hassam upon any example of the Impressionist school, or to that of Tarbell upon any example of the Boston school—or even to the opinion of either painter upon either school,

since they are not very far apart. But we should not go to either Hassam or Tarbell for help in understanding the work of Charles Sheeler or Joseph Stella. John Singer Sargent is on record as having made a severe censure of the Post-Impressionists; and this is only to be expected since he and they start to work from opposing conceptions. But Sargent's antipathies should not destroy the possibility of our finding great pleasure in the work of Van Gogh; Sargent's antipathies should not interfere even with our finding great pleasure in his own work. Gauguin's color was the sole item in the Post-Impressionist movement for which Sargent could find any excuse; yet Cézanne said: "Gauguin is not a painter." Then, there is the classic instance of Velasquez, who remarked: "To speak plainly, Raphael does not please me at all." But we should be very foolish to allow that perfectly natural condemnation to keep us from enjoying either Velasquez or Raphael. If we do, we shall not get any nearer to truth and we shall cut ourselves off from a tremendous addition to our lives.

Not merely the painters but the poets, the musicians, the creators in every art are hopelessly divided among themselves; and to hear one set run down the others is to realize that finality of truth does not belong to any one group or method. If the would-be appreciator blindly accepts the dicta of any individual artist or school of artists, he thereby declines the very rôle which he could play in the scheme of things. It is easy for the appreciator to be the follower of some prophet of art, it is easy for him to play the game of measuring all art by the foot-and-inch rule of artistic sectarianism. But in proportion as it is more difficult is it more worth while to comprehend the virtues of many different manifestations of art and penetrate to the essential oneness which underlies all artistic expressions of the human spirit.



WOODSTOCK LANDSCAPE

Courtesy of the Whitney Studio Club

ERNEST FIENE

THE WOODSTOCK WHIRL

By ALEXANDER BROOK

MANY years ago, the exact date has been lost in the distressing haze of antiquity, were discovered two explorers in search of an Arts and Crafts Eldorado. One was a young man, writer and idealist, handsome and charming, a product of Kansas and devoid of worldly goods,—nor did he seem to need any. It is told of him that he went on a walking trip through Italy with one hundred dollars in his pocket and returned with one hundred and one. The other was an Englishman of means who had absorbed the ideas of William Morris. The former was Hervey White; his companion, Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead.

They had travelled in their quest from the Eastern seaboard to the Golden Gate, from the Gulf of Mexico to the border-line of Canada, they zig-zagged through the middle West, they performed

figure eights, wrote their names and expressed their wants, until suddenly, while in the Carolinas, they received a telegram from Bolton Brown, Whitehead's emissary (at that time exploring the Catskills in his behalf), to the effect that he had discovered what he judged an ideal situation for the projected colony: a small village that lay in a broad valley, surrounded by rolling hills. This place was known as Woodstock, a hamlet that boasted a few very good stone quarries whence the natives blasted out their livelihood.

Mr. Whitehead walked to the side of the mountain called Overlook, said: "I like this, it shall be mine and I shall call it Byrdcliffe." This was forthwith accomplished and almost immediately hundreds of workmen were laboring on roads, on an elaborate sewerage system, many houses, garages

and workshops were being erected, and after all was complete, Mr. Whitehead installed himself in his personal domicile. His plan was to make furniture from designs by Bolton Brown; to benefit selected students from sundry art schools by free maintenance and tuition in an art-school of his own; to weave and to make iron-work of artistic nature,—in short, to rear a colony where people should produce whatever they might of æsthetic merit.

Hervey White during the first two years leased from Whitehead the farm, the produce of which was sold to the colony. Thereafter he went to the south-east, five miles or more from Byrcliff, surveyed the land with his eye and said: "I shall live here." A log cabin was built, a printing press purchased and this place was named "The Maverick." Hervey White had already several successful novels to his credit. With his press he would print his future output and also publish a small magazine called "*The Wild Hawk*," later renamed "*The Ploughshare*."

Then there came Birge Harrison, a painter whose reputation in Europe was almost as great as it was here. He built a house in Bearsville which adjoins Byrcliff and taught in Whitehead's art-school. Carl Linden, a Swedish painter who had lived for some years in Chicago where he had met Hervey White, bought an abandoned church in Woodstock proper; but he soon transformed this edifice into a stucco house, added some attractive barns and proceeded to depict the blue waters and snow-covered mountains of his native land. The Art Students' League, whose summer home was at Lyme, had requested Birge Harrison to teach there, but as he suggested Woodstock the school moved thither. The advent of the League was indeed fortunate for the natives, since cement was quickly replacing flag-stone for road and building purposes and their natural source of income was being threatened with complete annihilation. But here were needy art students who required many things, chief among these board and lodging. Barns were now converted into studios, private homes were swarming with boarders and the village store with those who kept house and had numerous wants. As many as two hundred students were enrolled in the class. The entire country-side was teeming with talent sketching assiduously under large umbrellas; and the whole valley was now in motion, going so fast in fact, that it is difficult to keep track of the many activities.

At Byrcliff they were weaving fabrics, designing and building furniture, working in clay and

metal. Ned Thatcher, present leader of the Jazz Orchestra and whose iron work is much in demand by house owners, made toys out of discarded tin cans, and these, let it here be said, are mechanical masterpieces. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead made the pottery which they still continue to do. Just above Byrcliff, in Shady, the Blue Dome Fraternity, presided over by Mrs. Dewing Woodward, was painting lovely nudes out-of-doors with the sun shining through colored gauze.

At the Maverick, Hervey White dwelt placidly, publishing "*The Wild Hawk*," novels and poems, and among divers activities, sunk a well on the side of the mountain—an enterprise which subsequently loomed with enormous significance as the direct cause of what proved to be the most picturesque and characteristic feature in Woodstock life. For, as the expensive process of drilling continued down five hundred and forty-four feet ere water was reached, and as the well proved far more profound than the funds, Hervey White, with customary resourcefulness, concocted a fanciful means of raising the necessary deficit,—to wit, the Maverick Festival.

How picture this glamorous convention? How find words of adequate relish to describe its vivid delights? Few would readily credit a village in the Catskills with so much of raciness, flavor and "folk," such potentiality for sparkling revelry and indigenous wit. In all its kaleidoscopic aspects, the Maverick Festival is greatly alluring; and the solid foundation for its perennial success lies partly in the magnetism of its projector, Hervey White, partly in the inimitable beauty and fitness of its setting.

A glade, a clearing, a natural amphitheatre and impending forests, on the night of the full moon in August! From early afternoon people in costumes commence to foregather from miles around, lords and ladies on horseback, gypsies in their caravans, Indians in war paint, clowns and buffoons in ornate motor cars, peasants of all nations, kings, queens and princesses of all epochs, humans of all generations at present extant "with all the paraphernalia of simplicity," the more enterprising revellers erecting merry-go-rounds, booths and tree-huts, and all alike building in the open space bonfires, whereon to prepare the evening meal, and whereby to await the night's entertainments. At dusk the company is well assembled, more romantic than legend, more splendid than Arabia and entirely given over to the delights of gustation. As night descends all remove to the theatre. The first season and for several successive years the show



STONE FIGURE
Collection of Miss Alice Roullier

ALFEO FAGGI

was held in a deserted stone quarry up the mountain-side, but a platform has since been built in a more accessible spot and the audience is ranged on the rocky steep directly overlooking the stage whereon is presented a spectacle executed and enacted by the inhabitants of Woodstock with accessories, settings and costumes designed by the artists. There follows the ball in the concert hall which grows more delightful as dawn comes and the dancers thin out sufficiently to admit of an occasional rotation by the more fortunate couples.

In the year following the first festival, the concert hall was built and since then throughout the summer seasons, Sunday afternoon concerts have been held therein. These concerts in the woods are very popular and rarely fail of a large attendance, the performers being eminent musicians, many of them members of the musical colony that has grown up in the Maverick pine woods. Horace Britt, Pierre Henrotte and Henri Michaux come every summer, while a few of the visiting artists are Leon Barzin, Alfred Megerlin, Paul Lemay and the Letz Quartet. In addition to the fact that the music is always well worth hearing, this forms the habitual social gathering of the weekend, and many remain after the concert is over to take supper at Hervey White's restaurant nearby where presided in past summers Hippolyte Havel of varied fame.

The Maverick is the scene of one more, and, in some respects, most pleasurable of all the outdoor functions. Hervey White gives, as his personal farewell party, an annual barbecue. With habitual liberality, he invites, to partake of a succulent roasted pig, all such as had contributed their efforts to the success of the Maverick Festival. The picnic is an autumnal one, the fires are as hot as possible in order to temper the bracing air of a mountain evening; and whatever of dancing or impromptu performance may follow carries with it the heartiness of fall.

About the time of the first Maverick Festival eight years ago, Andrew Dasburg, Henry Lee McFee and Konrad Cramer launched forth into modernism, much to the discomfort and irritation of the rest of the community. As usual in like cases, trouble can be started always by doing something different from the other fellow, consequently these three wild, woolly radicals began to sow the seeds of dissension. John Carlson admits that when he thinks of modern art he foams at the mouth. There were those, however, who were eager to learn what it was all about and who joined the class started by Dasburg and successfully maintained for many

years. He was instructor of the League class in outdoor figure painting during the summers of 1919 and 1920. McFee worked steadily, living in Woodstock the entire year, calmly and persistently working out his problems and his canvases when exhibited never failed to arouse the admiration of many. In spite of numerous interruptions Cramer has produced very interesting work and is moreover an artist of great versatility.

Hunt Diederich, when in Woodstock, drove about in his Ford truck collecting packing cases, old iron, tin and slabs of likely looking stone which he would transform into inlaid tables, fire irons, bull fights and bas reliefs, or anything else that entered his imaginative and clever head. He bought a small abandoned house, reputed to be haunted since a negro had there slaughtered with an axe a white man. Diederich planned to make a weather vane depicting this one-sided combat, but for some reason neglected to do so, busying himself with the house and garden and decorating it to great advantage with the above mentioned junk. He later sold it to Robert W. Chanler and if it is true that spirits once lurked within the walls, they have ere now fled in panic; for no ghost could possibly survive the onslaught of gaiety of Sheriff Bob and his court.

Like all other communities, Woodstock is divided into groups, artistic and social, although, as Mrs. Harrison aptly remarked, "the only ladders in Woodstock are the ones we pull up to keep people away." There are at least three groups of illustrators, bad, good and indifferent, according to the opinion of each. There are two groups of "Moderns,"—those who are and those who are not. There are four groups of academicians; those who are and are proud of it, those who are and scorn it, those who would like to be and some day will be, and those who wish to be and will never be. The groups of musicians will have to be numbered by the individuals. As prescribed by all precedent, each section has much to say concerning the others, whence scandals and feuds, not to speak of marriage and divorce.

One of the worst blows to the great unwashed came last summer, when Kingston, a city eleven miles distant, leased or bought all the banks of all the creeks in Woodstock and posted signs to the effect that there would be no bathing allowed. Although this water is carefully filtered before Kingstonians drink it, still the thought of all those grubby artists disporting themselves in an otherwise limpid stream was more than they could bear. The artists, however, waxed indignant to say the



PORTRAIT
Courtesy of the Carnegie Institute

HENRY LEE MCFEE

least. A protest meeting was called in the Fireman's Hall to discuss means of refuting this insult and preserving their aquatic rights. After clamorous discussion it was decided to convene the following morning in bathing suits for the purpose of making a demonstration, to march down the street and jump into the creek. Two thousand dollars was pledged to bail out those who might be arrested for trespassing upon Kingston's property. The religious fervor of that great morning was enough to put to shame the old Crusaders, for there in the heart of the village artists and residents were running about excitedly, midst flying banners, honking motor cars and proud equestrians. Order came finally and the parade commenced preceded by a band and headed by a fat man in a bathing suit, his two children, also in bathing suits, perched on either shoulder. Around the village green they tramped and down the road to the creek, where all the marchers, encouraged by cheering from the throng, dove headlong into the water, arose and dove again. Some having come only as spectators, leapt in with all their clothes, so moving and truly heartfelt was the scene. Who, but artists, would enter on so hazardous a venture? What colony but one of artists would find so romantic a way of displaying their contempt for those who are water drinkers? An injunction was filed against the ring leaders but nothing came of it. Prohibition of any kind has never been truly effective, least of all in Woodstock. All still bathed in spite of signs and threats, save those who care not to bathe in a small pool with hundreds of others for more personal sanitary reasons.

Probably one of the greatest moments in the lives of some came when George Bellows, Robert Henri, and Leon Kroll agreed to spend a summer in Woodstock. Kroll drove about speedily in his motor car, a huge canvas attached to the top and, it seemed, several hundred beautiful models within. Bellows and Rosen have recently built houses next to each other and next to Speicher. Of an evening lights are never seen in more than one of the three houses. Everybody builds—as many as eighty houses have been erected in a single spring. It is almost impossible to rent house, shack or hovel in January for occupancy the following summer.

Four years ago the Woodstock Art Association was organized for the purpose of giving the artists an opportunity to show their work. It was first decided to have two rooms, one for the Modern Group, the other for the more conservative element. This plan was given a trial for one year, but it was then agreed by popular vote not to continue along this policy. Enough money was subscribed to erect a building for the Association, and there for the annual sum of six dollars, the exhibitor can hang a picture no wider than thirty-six inches. For two seasons, William M. Fisher was curator and upon his resignation Marinobel Smith took his place. There are three exhibitions during the summer where a wide range of interesting work may be seen to supply divers tastes. Birge Harrison, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Henry Lee McFee, Andrew Dasburg, Charles Rosen, Konrad Cramer, John Carlson, Harry Leith Ross, Georgina Klitgaard, Ernest Fiene, Robert W. Chanler, Gaston Lachaise, Paul Rohland, Alfeo Faggi are a few of the artists whose names might give one some idea of these exhibitions that never fail to be sparkling and stimulating.

The Art Students League will no longer come to Woodstock, but there will be other summer classes to take its place. McFee, Rosen, Dasburg and Cramer will conduct classes in Portrait and Still-life Painting, Landscape Painting and Decorative Painting, Lithography and Design, respectively, this to be known as the Woodstock School of Painting and Allied Arts. Cecil Chichester, for some years a successful instructor, has taken the League studio for his class and John Carlson will have a school of Landscape Painting. And still other schools there may be that we know not of, so that certainly he who comes to Woodstock cannot fail to find teaching of the denomination that he favors.

Though the social events and incidents of interest, happening with speed and spontaneity, are too numerous to chronicle, the season invariably closes in the same way. All available vehicles are commandeered by the entire village to scour the countryside for the elderberry which of late years has become the most cherished vegetation throughout the land. Many are the whispered exchanges of opinion, many the bottles and kegs filled and stored away.

BOSTON'S XIIth CENTURY FRESCO

By HARLEY PERKINS

THE emotions of the twelfth century are perpetuated in its art. The overwhelming fervor which urged the Crusaders to seize cross and sword and start for the Holy Land and sent armies of Pilgrims sweeping like rivers to obscure tombs of saints, found expression in picture and symbol. A Spanish fresco belonging to this remote period has been installed in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and is a decoration from a little Catalan church perched on one of the foothills of the Pyrenees, not far from Andorra.

A small vaulted chapel has been constructed at the Museum, in keeping with the original setting so that the full effect of this singular expression of an overwhelming faith may be obtained. The beholder is gripped by the Apocryphal vision of Christ in Majesty, surrounded by the four chosen apostles represented as angel, lion, eagle and calf, while below are an apostolic frieze and scenes from the Nativity. Line and color reveal an exaltation of thought that is little short of sublime. Our modern sophisticated gaze is abashed by an utterance in which art and ritual merge. The intense desire to believe that man having died may be resurrected and live again, deified, could scarcely be more vividly set forth.

Here is a veritable embodiment of the teachings of the Cluniac monasteries at the north, and the æsthetic mysticism that prostrated before wonder-working shrines or sought the new-found tomb of St. James at Santiago. Essentially Byzantine as a whole, there are apparent the more gracious influences of the East. The figure of Christ in a painted oval or "mandorla," symbol of creative power, typifies the soul of antiquity in fearless gaze and noble mien. The head is inflexibly set upon the shoulders, the posture is rigid but commanding. A great anguish wells up from the wide open eye, while one hand points upward in authority, the other holds a book on which is inscribed in Latin: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." No man cometh unto the Father but by me." The entire pose is familiar to those acquainted with ancient carvings, for it was used repeatedly in sculptures of the Middle Ages. The figure is clad in a yellow tunic, while over it is a blue tunic arranged in formal folds. The celestial nature of the background is emphasized by whirling stars, and the seven lamps, which are the "seven spirits of God," burn before the throne.

A handsome border or "meander," taking its motive from the Greek key, separates the upper from the central portion of the fresco, where in a frieze broken by three arched windows appear the twelve apostles. None of these figures bear the symbols usually associated with them except St. Peter, who has been substituted for Judas, and who holds an enormous key. Rigidly erect and employing the most formal of gestures the Apostles, clad in flowing robes and with halos of blue and gold, seem to be literally supporting the divine presence of the Savior. There is no doubt of the meaning of the entire fresco, in fact, for such decorations as these were employed to teach the people, who could neither read nor write, and to impress upon them the significance of the Scriptures.

The lower portion of the decoration, which unfortunately has suffered most, is of particular interest, for here, in scenes attendant on the birth of Christ, there is evident the influence of the story-telling East and, consequently, more flexibility of pose and grace of gesture. The sculptures of this period in Spain and portions of France reflect clearly various styles, and churches frequented by the pilgrims coming from all parts of the world, display motives copied from unexpected models. It is not strange that somewhat of this mixing of styles should be evident in this painted decoration.

In the representation of the Visitation when Mary is shown entering the house of Zacharias and saluting Elizabeth, who returns the greeting with the words, "Blessed art thou among women," the embrace of the two women is marked by an unusual degree of warmth and affection at variance with the formalism of other portions of the fresco. A capital and suggestion of architectural setting indicate that the scene took place indoors. A considerable portion of the next depiction has disappeared, but enough remains to show quite clearly that it celebrates the "Adoration of the Ox and Ass," a pseudo-gospel story which relates that Christ was born, not in a stable, but in a cave, and that three days later, when Joseph and Mary reached Jerusalem, the child was placed in a manger. The Virgin-Mother is shown veiled in Eastern manner and reclining on a mattress, a rich cushion under her head.

Joseph the Just next appears in thoughtful contemplation and clad in robes the colors of which



CATALONIAN FRESCO (XIIth Century)
From Santa Maria de Mur.

Boston Museum of Art

might have been taken from Coptic weavings of the first century. The Annunciation of the Shepherds, the Virgin with the Christ Child and the Visitation of the Three Wise Men are in turn represented, though much of the detail has been obliterated.

The authorship of this unusual work is a matter of pure conjecture. No evidence has been offered which tends to solve the artist's actual identity. It is clear that he was an artist of no mean talent, for his brush strokes were decisive, never having been gone over or altered, although the nature of the surface he worked upon, a dry gesso ground, would have permitted him to have done so. He may have been a gifted member of the Brotherhood located here, or a native Catalonian artist who had studied under a Greek master. It seems more interesting and equally plausible that he may have been a Crusader who had strayed off the beaten road to Compestella and had found his way down into this mountain region of simple faith. The workmanship bears a certain analogy to that of the mosaicists and was quite likely a less expensive substitute for the method of decoration then in vogue.

The color throughout the work is fresh and brilliant, showing no dimming with the passage of time nor the action of atmosphere. The palette used by the unknown artist was of the simplest nature possible, being composed of four colors only, cobalt, ochre, earth red and bone black.

While authorities agree that the fresco belongs to the twelfth century, there is beyond that some divergence of opinion, but Mr. Charles H. Hawes, assistant director of the Museum, who has given the subject much attention, believes that he can with safety attribute it to the first half of the century.

The story of the transference of this fresco from the Catalonian church of Santa Maria de Mur and its installation in Boston is an interesting one. There are in this portion of Spain many small hamlets now deserted by the urban trend, and the authorities at Barcelona obtained permission to remove mural paintings from several of the village churches that they might be preserved from threatened ruin, the best preserved finding its way to America. The process of removal was in the first place difficult, for the painting measures twenty-four by twenty-two feet and was on a circular plaster wall. The procedure involved a careful sizing of the entire surface, followed by the application of many layers of fine muslin, and months of patiently chiseling the plaster away and

backing it with canvas and waterproofing to prevent damage. Eventually removed, in twelve pieces, the painting was stretched upon wooden frames and packed in cases.

On its arrival in America two years ago, a new problem was confronted dissimilar to any encountered by the museums of the country. An attempt was made, by sending an architect from Paris to



CATALONIAN FRESCO, XIIth Cent.
From Santa Maria de Mur. A detail showing the offerings of Cain and Abel—Central Window
Courtesy of Boston Museum



CATALONIAN FRESCO, XIIth Cent.

From Santa Maria de Mur

Detail: Sts. Bartholomew and Paul

Courtesy of the Boston Museum



CATALONIAN FRESCO, XIIth Cent.

From Santa Maria de Mur

Detail: Sts. Peter and Andrew

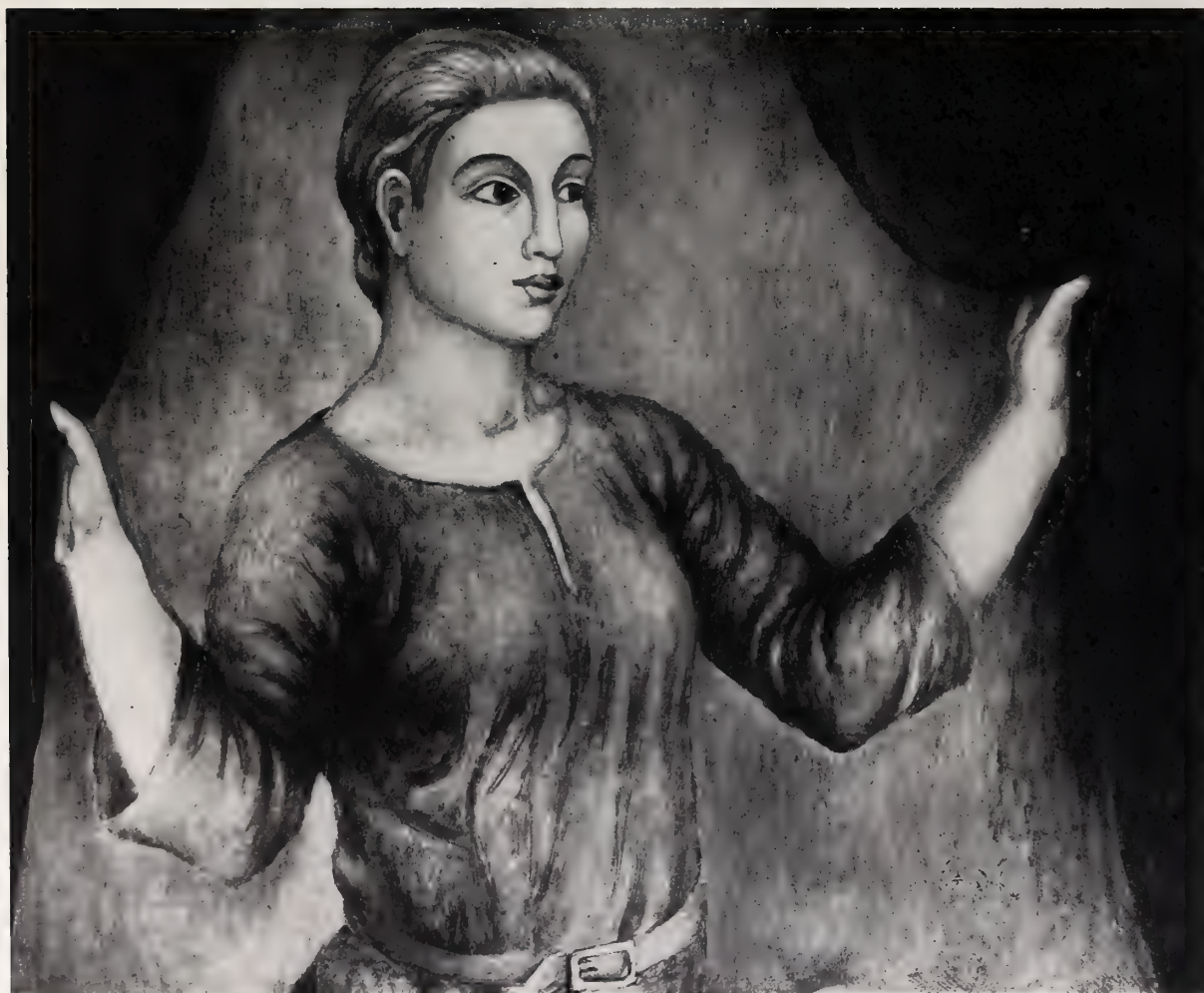
Courtesy of the Boston Museum

the spot, to obtain exact measurements of the old apse, but the remaining shell was found to be so irregular that it was impossible to construct a plaster mould from those dimensions. Eventually, templates were made and reshaped again and again until a properly shaped surface was developed upon which the painting was applied and the water-proofing was carefully scraped away, and the mural revealed little the worse for its long trip.

In a small gallery, cut off from one of the main

picture galleries, the severe lines of the original Catalanian church have been preserved, and the eye is uplifted to the impressive figure of Christ in Majesty, supported by the Apostles and surrounded by the symbols of a sublime faith. It becomes clear that art endures when it is inspired by a great and profound emotion.

Such unknown artists as this unconsciously paved the way for Raphael, Leonardo and Titian, in giving expression to a living faith.



LOOKING OUT
Salons of America

KATHERINE SCHMIDT



STONE CALF
Salons of America

REUBEN NAKIAN
Courtesy of the Whitney Studio Club

THE EXHIBITIONS

The Salons of America

THE Salons of America, Incorporated, is a society based on the Independent plan, and founded in 1921 by the late Hamilton Easter Field, former editor of *THE ARTS*.

The Society is now holding its "1923 Spring Salon" at the American Art Galleries in New York. The exhibition is by no means of the obvious and usual sort; for the Society, wishing to show (to quote its catalogue) that "man in all stages of civilization has had the same ideals and the same esthetic aims, thus proving that art is a human necessity," has brought together and exhibits side by side works of the most diverse periods and types, as well

as the contemporary work of its active members which also has its diversities.

The earlier arts which have appealed to the instigators of this arrangement are largely the primitive and archaic phases—which is natural, in view of the fact that all the most lively and vigorous artists of today are in full revolt against the decadence which they detect in the more highly sophisticated arts.

In co-operation with the Salons of America in this enterprise are the American Museum of Natural History, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and a number of distinguished individual collectors

who, entering into the spirit of the occasion, have lent their treasures.

The resulting ensemble includes ancient Peruvian woodwork and pottery, baskets made by the California Indians, Negro sculpture, and specimens of Gothic, Coptic, Greek, Persian, and Chinese workmanship; and by way of still greater variety some enchanting models and photographs of American ship-building.

In short the exhibition is a three-ring circus. It is not easy to see. Things cannot be readily classified and pigeon-holed—each one has to be taken on its own merits, and if the spectator does not keep his eyes open and his mind alert he will miss something worth while.

We are all so used to homogeneous exhibitions whose general character can very quickly be grasped, that this sort of thing is a little disconcerting. But one is led on and on by the unexpected, and the visitor who can not find many an item to enjoy and to ponder over afterwards must be pretty thoroughly insensible to the appeal of art.

As I have already said the Salons of America is (or are?) based on the Independent idea—that is, there is no jury to pass on the contemporary work. Any artist who wishes to become a member has the right to show his work. That the loans set a stiff pace for the competition of the members is obvious, but in the circumstances comparisons are peculiarly absurd and unfair, for the loans were all carefully chosen for their special qualities, while the contemporary American work is admitted indiscriminately, and you have to do your own choosing—which is good for you.

The extremely liberal scope of the exhibition is further extended by the inclusion of two pieces of machinery—objects entirely utilitarian in purpose. The artists in charge evidently felt that these machines possessed qualities which made them play an appropriate part in an exhibition of art. It is, however, open to question whether it is not destroying the precision and therefore the usefulness of the word art to apply it to a thing which, whatever its perfections may be, is not the expression of an esthetic idea.

It goes without saying that any exhibition run on the Independent principle is bound to contain a good deal of work that is negligible, and this one is not an exception. But there is work of positive character to carry the thing off. For example two fine heads by Maurice Sterne, two paintings by

Arthur B. Davies, Charles Sheeler's Yachts, and a group of wholly remarkable photographs by the same artist, drawings by Jules Pascin, Pop Hart, Gus Mager, Walt Kuhn (who shows also a painting, an original and delightful head). By the late founder of the Salons, Hamilton Easter Field, there is a view of New York from his Brooklyn window, one of the best I have seen of a series of similar subjects which he painted. The two Prendergasts are well represented—brother Charles by an exceptionally fine carved and painted screen and a chest, brother Maurice by a typical color composition of figures and landscape.

Conspicuous among the sculptors are Constantin Brancusi, Robert Laurent, Gertrude V. Whitney and Reuben Nakian.

Other artists whose work is well worth looking for are Edwin Booth Grossmann, Bertram Hartman, Elizabeth Grandin, Wood Gaylor, Dorothea Hale, Earl Horter, George Of, Katherine Schmidt, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Bernard Karfiol, Horace Brodzky, Helen Gleason and Samuel Rothbort.

A gallery is devoted to modern French painting, including works by Paul Cézanne, Eugène Delacroix, André Derain, Maurice Vlaminck, Paul Gauguin, Odilon Redon, Henri Rousseau, Henri Matisse and others. With these are shown several beautiful pieces of Gothic sculpture, and a Rodin bronze.

In another gallery have been hung the group of paintings by Pablo Picasso recently shown at the Whitney Studio Galleries, and a superb piece of ancient tapestry lent by Mr. Kelekian.

* * *

Pictures of New York

Mr. Louis Bouché, who can be counted on to provide piquant entertainment in the gallery which he manages at Wanamaker's, has arranged an exhibition of paintings and prints, each of which has for subject some aspect of New York City, or some phase of the city's life.

Humorous New York, picturesque New York, dramatic New York, New York "abstracted," New York gay, tragic, decorative, quaint—they are all here. The city provides unlimited themes, and what the artist brings to it, that he finds in it.

Pictures by fifty-five present-day artists are shown and a considerable group of old prints, some of which are charming. The exhibition is not only diverting, it is really interesting.

SPRING EXHIBITIONS IN PARIS

By JOHN BUNTING

L'EFFORT MODERN has one of the most interesting exhibitions in Paris, in the rue de la Boétie, at Léonce Rosenberg's. Unfortunately in the short space of a survey of several galleries one cannot deal with each artist as thoroughly as his work demands. One realizes this especially at this exhibition, for it contains almost all that is best in experimental painting and sculpture. It cannot be called a catholic show, because all the names represented have been associated at some time or other with cubism, and its discoveries are still prominent.

One of those who has not succumbed to "team work" is Fernand Léger. The composition of his painting is abrupt and blunt, with no obvious rhythmic plan, so that one does not easily tire of it, continually finding new combinations of design. Attracted by the beauty of machinery, but without the futurist's worship of it, he limits himself to geometrical forms, favoring cylindrical and bomb-like shapes. His bright colors are not placed in relation to one another, but to surfaces of pure black and white, so that each color sings out with its own power alone, unaided by the proximity of other colors. This division is not adhered to rigidly or with dogma, yet it is one of Léger's practices which stands out. A considerable use is made of black and white, plotted in precise fragments with clean outlines, producing an invigorating gaiety. The "tight" quality and simplicity, which is preserved throughout, might easily degenerate into a stupid softness of feeling in the hands of a lesser artist.

Metzinger is a cubist whose eyes are fascinated by externals and whose imagination leads him into a poor type of romanticism. His paintings of fancy dress carnivals show many weaknesses and he lapses into a toy-box fancy and easy flowing line of which we soon tire. His conventionalizations of human forms are trite and the cubism soft and flimsy. There is an attractive playfulness but little intellectual or emotional value. Metzinger is at his best in his landscapes which are unhampered by lingering glances at representation and concentrate more upon design.

Severini has a still life, painted with his customary clearness and precision, and a fine drawing of two Punchinellos. Picasso's *Woman in an Arm Chair*, and several still life abstractions are shown, including one in which his genius for experiment has led

him to use brown concrete in cake-like dabs on the surface of the panel. This experiment is quite apart from his compositions made from actual pieces of objects and can only be appreciated in the original.

Csaky, of whom one is likely to hear more, is represented by three pieces of sculpture. There is a beautiful head, almost entirely abstract, carved from wood and painted white and green, and two polished wooden statues of seated women.

J. Lambert's pieces of inlaid wood are too decorative to express very much. He has been over-influenced by primitive models and has civilized them out of any strong emotion until their ingenuity and pettiness place many of them, though not all, in the category of house decoration. However good the aim of decorating a room (and it is an aim that has been taken by every old and modern master) it is not one that an artist holds solely, his work being influenced by nothing else.

* * *

At Bernheim's is a collection of the work of Matisse. It is composed of some forty small canvases and a batch of drawings. Since I last saw an exhibition of this master, about two years ago in London, his manner of painting has undergone a change. He has abandoned the use of line and no longer confines a panel to two dimensions, but, with slight modeling, moves toward a half-hearted three which still retains the proprieties of an arabesque. His rich color remains the same as does his fondness for probing into mild discords which call to mind the pianoforte pieces of Debussy. Soft-bodied women of luscious flesh tints and wearing Turkish trousers loll in easy chairs amidst a riot of floral design. His rooms bludgeon and burst with profusions of patterns—on screens, chair coverings, walls, or woven out of flowers in vases. He can leave no space unfilled. The torso of a woman is for him a sacred and wonderful thing. The majority of these pictures are painted in luminous tints flowing with suave forms, and peach-like texture.

The Bernheim Galleries also have on their walls a few Van Dongen efforts. Banal and lifeless, they have the effect of being painted by a child of eight bred on the illustrations in popular story magazines and taught to "play artist" by indulgent parents.

Vlaminck has several water-colors here in a fine

composition of fishing boats in harbor. Whether he turns to still life, houses and trees, or the sails of boats, he gives vent to a passion for austere and harsh color which displays a stormy spirit. But he is over-emotional and the same expression is in every work he executes.

Marie Laurencin's qualities as a painter, which are missed in her drawings or in reproductions, are revealed at Paul Rosenberg's exhibition. It is chiefly as a colorist that she attracts. Unfortunately her field is very limited and not only does a painting by her contain merely four or five colors, but they are the very ones used in all her other paintings. This seems to me a somewhat strained method of attaining what is called an "individual color-sense." Yet hers is not the trite and easy-meeting type so fondly harmonized by the average "colorist." Her delicate pinks and greens run the risk of prettiness, on which few painters will venture today, and yet she skillfully avoids cloying by the use of grey and extremely simple form. With her *Zéphirs*, *Rondes des Fillettes*, *Petites rues*, and *Tetes des Fillettes*, she composes designs gentle and cool as an April shower. Sylph-like creatures sport in a soft land of greenery and peer through shadows with little black eyes set in faces with a grey veil drawn across. Her feminine and child-like vision has led her to the Japanese, to Whistler and to Matisse and then out to a position where one must admit, even though one be irritated by her decadence and fragile formlessness, that she stands as an individual, apart from the general tide of present-day painters.

Forming a violent contrast to this lyricism is a neighboring room full of Picasso's latest experiments. Here we have the source of so many canvases that have recently appeared glorifying feminine rotundity. Picasso has turned to painting great heavy women. Their forms are simplified to the highest degree and they lean from the canvas with an almost overwhelming weight which is emphasized by their warm pink color. The heads (I use the plural, for they are all marked by the same traits), are conventionalized into classic masks of noble dignity and with diminutive breasts harmonized into a great impressiveness. However fine these canvases and pastel drawings, one cannot avoid recognizing that their qualities belong rather to sculpture of the colossus type than to painting. Though M. Rosenberg was reticent as to the work that Picasso is now doing, one gathers that he has not abandoned abstractions as a rumor had it a short time ago. On the same walls are little panels organized from the chaos of still life and others entirely without reference to concrete objects. These have nothing

in them that is entirely fresh, but there is a portfolio of signed color reproductions that is extremely interesting. These abstractions are in merry color, virile forms and, in some of them, Picasso has made brilliant use of black and pink. There are witty allusions to Arlequin and Punchinello and a pleasing sense of superficiality throughout.

* * *

At Druet's is a retrospective exhibition of Gauguin. As the catalogue claims: all the phases of his artistic evolution and all the forms in which his talent manifested itself are united here and methodically represented. The thirty paintings, some aquarelles, pastels, wood-cuts, drawings, carved wood, and pottery date from 1882 to 1903. Among the paintings many are well known, such as the self-portrait in profile, *Le Cheval Blanc*, the small painting of the boat in a storm, and his last painting of a snowy Brittany landscape painted from memory in the Marquesian Islands. In the wooden sculpture and pottery one finds the same feeling as in the panels, but he was evidently happier when decorating a flat surface, as the wood-cuts show with their rich line and spacing of black and white masses.

Placed upon the same walls beside this work, for which he is famous, his early impressionistic style takes an aspect which is commonplace and trivial and seems difficult to connect with the name Gauguin. But the display of ability in the early work shows that the Tahitian period has the dignity of being the product of consciousness and research and not of inability in draughtsmanship, as the protest was once squeaked by his opponents. In one of the Brittany paintings (two girls before a hay stack) there are signs of departure from impressionism, but it was not until Tahitian art and life (around which so much superfluous romance has been cast, befogging Gauguin's art) had worked their spell upon him that Gauguin found the direct form of expression that was true to him.

* * *

In Guillaume's Gallery there is a beautiful pastel drawing by Derain, in brown and bluish colors, of the back of a seated woman. There is also a still-life that contains some fine forms. Vlaminck is represented by a still-life and a landscape painted with his over-customary passion. In sharp contrast to him is Utrillo with four homely little canvases. Utrillo's cheerful, unambitious landscapes reach a degree of smugness that many find intolerable. There are three paintings by Modigliani of seated women—apparently his only source of inspiration.

Another small permanent collection of interest in the rue de la Boetie is at the Chérois Gallery, where there are four Rousseaus, two Gauguins, and a beautiful and somewhat unusual Cézanne landscape.

* * *

Madame Chana Orloff's exhibition of sculpture and drawings at Briant Robert's shows the appreciation of immobility which is being felt more and more keenly in present day art. Even at the risk of monotony there is seldom such a thing as a work "in the round" being over-monumental. Without a certain amount of this quality a statue or wood-carving loses the power of expression natural to its

very medium and ceases to exist any longer under the title of sculpture. Mme. Orloff never loses her realization of all that a statue should be and there is dignity in every piece. One of the finest examples of the gentle strength that she possesses is her bust in wood of Gaston Picard. This contains beautiful forms and an air of contemplation which is borne out by the pale cold color of the unpolished wood. Her virile conventionalizations of forms would not be cheapened (as she probably fears) if she were to throw aside some of her sobriety and give vent to more that is abstract.

Paris, May, 1923.



MC SORLEY'S BAR
Summer Exhibition, Kraushaar Galleries

JOHN SLOAN



LADY WITH A FAN
Courtesy Durand-Ruel Galleries

MARY CASSATT



TAPESTRY OF THE APOCALYPSE (14th Century)

Angers Cathedral

THE TAPESTRIES OF THE APOCALYPSE

(Continued from May Arts)

ED. NOTE.—The story of the Tapestries of the Apocalypse will be found on page 303 in the May issue of *THE ARTS* together with ten reproductions.

And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire:

And he had in his hand a little book open: and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth,

And cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth: and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices.

And when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I was about to write: and I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me. Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not.

Revelation, Chap. X, 1-4.



TAPESTRY OF THE APOCALYPSE (14th Century)

Angers Cathedral

And the voice which I heard from heaven spake unto me again, and said, Go and take the little book which is open in the hand of the angel which standeth upon the sea and upon the earth.

And I went unto the angel, and said unto him, Give me the little book. And he said unto me, Take it, and eat it up. . . .

Revelation, Chap. X, 8-9.



TAPESTRY OF THE APOCALYPSE (14th Century)

Angers Cathedral

And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman which brought forth the man child.

And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness . . . from the face of the serpent.

Revelation, Chap. XII, 13-14.



TAPESTRY OF THE APOCALYPSE (14th Century)

Angers Cathedral

And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood.

And the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon cast out of his mouth.

Revelation, Chap. XII, 15-16



TAPESTRY OF THE APOCALYPSE (14th Century)

Angers Cathedral

And if any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies: and if any man will hurt them, he must in this manner be killed.

These have power to shut heaven, that it rain not in the days of their prophecy: and have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to smite the earth with all plagues, as often as they will.

Revelation, Chap. XI, 5-6.



TAPESTRY OF THE APOCALYPSE (14th Century)

Angers Cathedral

And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sack-cloth. . . .

And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them.

Revelation, Chap. XI, 3-7.



TAPESTRY OF THE APOCALYPSE (14th Century)

Angers Cathedral

And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified. . . .

And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another; because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt on the earth.

Revelation, Chap. XI, 8-10.



TAPESTRY OF THE APOCALYPSE (14th Century)

Angers Cathedral

And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw
a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads
and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and
upon his heads the name of blasphemy. . . .

And it was given unto him to make war with
the saints, and to overcome them. . . .

Revelation, Chap. XIII, 1-7.

BOOKS

REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS WITH AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND WORK, BY D. S. MELDRUM. 541 ILLUSTRATIONS. NEW YORK, E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY. PRICE \$25.00.

Probably no artist has been so much written about as Rembrandt. The commentaries have included some penetrating studies of his art, and outside the class of these, have ranged from the most pedestrian fact-grubbing to erratic flights of soft-headed rhetoric. In taking up a new book on Rembrandt one feels that an author who offers to add another work to the list must be conscious of very special qualifications. These Mr. D. S. Meldrum, whose book on Rembrandt's Paintings is now under consideration, unquestionably has.

The most exhaustive and painstaking study of his subject is apparent, and makes the book, with its five hundred and forty-one plates, an exceedingly valuable reference work. That in itself is a thing to be respected. But Mr. Meldrum's book is a great deal more than that. It is a book not only to be respected but deeply enjoyed. Not that it is particularly easy to read. The qualifications for even reading it are not altogether rudimentary. The reading requires close attention, and constant reference to the plates, which are given together at the end of the volume. Probably most of the readers of this book will be those who already have considerable knowledge of the subject, but not necessarily so. The author does not assume too much knowledge in his reader; he is most explicit in giving the fullest information, yet he gives the reader credit for intelligence and experience.

Describing Rembrandt as the "greatest pictorial imagination the world has known," Mr. Meldrum is so filled with the importance of his subject, that no detail seems to him too small, no investigation too complicated to be worth while. The general reader will sometimes be wearied by the detail in the discussion of disputed points. But even if wearied, he may recognize that all this minuteness is not at all cold-blooded pedantry, but is the natural outcome of the author's complete absorption in his subject. It is by no means common to find such painstaking care combined with such passionate appreciation.

That Mr. Meldrum is aware that he has something more to give than mere laborious research is suggested in his somewhat dry remark that "the systematic studies of the German experts, Dr. Valentin in particular, are well known. They do not suffer from lack of enterprise in the pursuit." Among

the Rembrandt "authorities" those most frequently referred to in the text are very properly Dr. Jan Veth and Dr. Hofstede de Groot. The disputes among various learned experts are seen with a humorous and acute eye. The inclusion among the plates of doubtful pictures is not made without exhaustive—and it may be admitted exhausting—canvassing of the pros and cons of the attribution. These and the elaborate discussions as to who's who among Rembrandt's sitters are the passages which have least interest for the general reader.

"The spiritual romance which is pure Rembrandt" is really Mr. Meldrum's theme. With all his deep and sustained enthusiasm he is happily free from rhapsody. He gives Rembrandt credit for being "vastly less sentimental than his biographers," and insists, after relating the tragic circumstances of Rembrandt's latter days, that "the artist was not dominated and obsessed by the ill-fortune of the man." He represents him as "wise and untameable . . . obstinate and lonely, in his studio, apart from trouble." He is, however, very far from being inhuman about Rembrandt the man. "Because sentimentalists are foolish" he enquires "must we deny the artist bowels?"

The account of Rembrandt's development which runs all through the book is very closely thought. There is no jumping to conclusions. It is based on observation and detailed study. Mr. Meldrum is not too much in awe of his subject to recognize what he calls the painter's "artistic wild oats," and he gives also to the period of the more or less pot-boiling portraits discerning and at the same time sympathetic understanding. The "Night Watch" he calls a "splendid failure," and the passage in which he explains his reasons for this estimate is one of the most penetrating in the book.

But the test of an author's fitness to write about such a supreme figure as Rembrandt is his ability to respond to the artist at his greatest, and Mr. Meldrum is not found wanting when put to the test. He sees Rembrandt genuinely as a painter, and is not obliged, as writers on art often are, to try to fit a literary conception to the terms of another art.

"When we are considering technique," he writes, "we are considering the whole Act of Art. . . . For the processes it involves are not merely the means, and the only means, by which the artist can present to us all there is in his vision which he would persuade us to see and hear and feel. They are more than a vehicle between the artist and us;

they are, we might say, a vehicle between the artist and his vision. They not only represent and clothe his vision, but define and co-ordinate and give it being. They are the very stuff of his creation.

"And in each art this stuff differs. In each it is strictly conditioned. We are apt to think of all artists,—poets, painters, musicians, as having some medium of vision in common from which they re-translate it each into the terms of his particular art. But that is not so. . . . Even if we could track the poet, the painter, the musician, to some common field of emotion in the background, the emotions of each would differ no less there than in their consequent expressions of it, in verse, in paint, in musical score. The emotions of each would from the first be those of the verse, the painting, the score. The whole creative art of each is conditioned by the medium of each, and differs in each accordingly. The painter not merely expresses himself in paint, the poet in verse; the one finds himself also in paint, the other in verse. Each conceives in the stuff of his own art." . . .

The volume contains in addition to Mr. Meldrum's essay, and the five hundred and forty-one illustrations (not all of the reproductions are very good by the way) a list of all the known paintings attributed to Rembrandt, giving in connection with each references to the *Catalogue Raisonné* by C. Hofstede de Groot; the subject; the size of the painting; the collection or latest known owner; the date or approximate date; and in certain cases reference to an essay and catalogue of Rembrandt's etchings by Arthur M. Hind.

The etchings are not discussed in the book, except incidentally, in connection with a few of the paintings.

FORBES WATSON

HONORÉ DAUMIER, APPRECIATIONS OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS. THE PHILLIPS PUBLICATIONS No. 2, E. P. DUTTON & Co., NEW YORK, 1922.

This monograph, with appreciations of Daumier by Duncan Phillips, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Guy Péne du Bois and Mahonri Young is the second book venture of the Phillips Memorial Art Gallery in Philadelphia, the first one having dealt with J. Alden Weir. With forty-eight illustrations and four different accounts of the artist this monograph describes Daumier's position with judg-

ment and taste. The four accounts of course are bound to overlap in certain details; nevertheless, by means of four points of view one attains an advantageous freedom of view that fortunately lacks the inevitable tightness to be felt in almost any one short article on so vast a subject.

The two artists who contribute articles to this volume naturally enough have emphasized certain characteristics, while the critic and the collector are engrossed in other aspects of the great caricaturist and painter. Du Bois, for instance, writes that "The final judgment of him will and must be made upon his *style*." Mahonri Young sees in him tremendous influences. Duncan Phillips considers the many sides of the man.

Frank Jewett Mather contributes the most rounded and most literary article. He brings out neatly what others have said and arranges his analysis in a manner easily grasped. It is no small feat to make the best use of much valuable material. Take this paragraph for proof:

"Here is the explanation of the proverbial dilatoriness of Daumier. It really meant time to think things out, or perhaps more correctly to let them think themselves out. He knew the value of his foible, telling the sensitive poet, Theodore de Banville: "I work from morning to night because I must, but at bottom I am lazier than a thousand dormice. And when I get out of the daily toil to which I am condemned, then my laziness suggests to me the most astonishing inventions." Daumier's few paintings are the precious record of such moments of creative labor. You will have to go to the triangular coves of the Sistine Chapel to find anything more astounding, whether as impressive mass or as intense and sombre sentiment, than, for example, the little painting of a mother and child in the John G. Johnson Collection. And since this rich and noble melancholy underlies even the most irresistibly funny sheets of Daumier, so that, observing them, a philosopher would, while shaking with laughter, be inclined also to weep for his fellow men, it is pleasant to learn from the invaluable sketch of Banville how Daumier worked as he achieved his most savage inventions. And as he manipulated the incredibly unhandy butts of chalk, which as a prudent obstacle to mere improvisation he preferred to better tools, he usually hummed a comic song."

ALAN BURROUGHS



THOMAS BOYD

YOUNG AMERICA---THOMAS BOYD

By ALAN BURROUGHS

THOMAS BOYD, born in '98, and now literary editor of the *St. Paul News*, has written one book. It is called "Through the Wheat." He spent a year and a half, between enlisting in the Marines and returning from the hospitals, and this prolonged experience created it. That, as far as one needs to know, is the history of one of the best of the war books.

One hesitates before saying more about this epic of the Marines. For others, from Barbusse to Dos Passos, Ian Hay to Philip Gibbs, including journalists and philosophers, have seemingly given us the essence of modern battle. In all its horror and variety, the whole period of the war has seemingly been recorded. Those who did not go to France and those who did not enlist know what they would

have seen (and perhaps felt) if they had gone. They know how sensitive soldiers reacted to warfare and what they thought of their officers or their men, of the Y. M. C. A., the hospitals, the ambulance drivers and the French people. All types appear to have commented on all types; and the war as a whole has been put into print.

Yet now five years after the event a young American has published an account of his war experiences which accomplishes well something that had not been done. He sets down in bare, almost unemotional fashion the average Marine, grumbling, not a little heroic, pitiful, yet domineering. He pounds out no thesis. He does not appear to analyze or to criticize. He tells what happened to a few. And the result is a history of all.

His "realism" carries all before it. The characterizations of Pugh, Harriman, King Cole and the others are negligible. Hicks alone stands out with much individuality. The others are types. Their talk and actions make the thing vital. And the march of the narrative through incident after incident leads on to the relentless end, which turns out to be no end.

This is not fiction, nor reporting, nor soliloquizing. It is war itself, without its dressing, and as casually, terribly illogical as it actually proved to be many times. The author has no tricks either in style or method of presenting his material. Occasionally something happens of a reminiscent nature, like a refrain; but this does not seem to be intended. Often he seems to prepare the way for disaster; but the disasters do not follow in line,—they spring on you without warning. Some deserving men suffer worse than their less deserving buddies; but the dislikeable ones "get theirs" the same way. The Y. M. C. A. comes in for as much sarcastic reference as the Pughs and Hickses did actually give it. Some officers are revealed as fools. Others tacitly accepted, one highly praised,—all in the language and manner that was characteristic of the service.

To write this he must have searched and re-searched his memory; and without pose he must have struggled to set it down as though under oath to be true. This is the originality and the high point of Boyd's achievement. To write of heroes unheroically and to write of horrors without either compassion or coldness, to make himself live again in the third person, rigorously to exclude the unnecessary, yet gather a complex background, this is to be an excellent chronicler.

Here are three quotations, which in themselves may appear disjointed, awkward even, but which as a part of the 266 intense pages, strike like one of the covey of shells he describes, winging deliberately out of the German distance and crashing "like black, screaming spirits."

"A moi, à moi," he was groaning, scarcely above a whisper.

"What's the mattah, buddy," Pugh asked.

" . . . par le gaz . . . par le gaz."

"He says he's been gassed, Pugh. Let's take him back too."

"Here, Buddy, do you want a drink of watah?" Pugh asked.

The Frenchman drank greedily.

"By God," Pugh said, "that's the first Frog I've ever seen that would drink water."

They carried him to the dressing station, and after they had explained to the captain of the Medical Corps

where they had found him, in what a desperate condition he was, and that there was nothing else to do with him, the Frenchman was finally accepted.

"We can't fill this place up with all kinds of people," the medical officer objected. "We'll have a hard-enough time taking care of our own men in a few minutes."

Pugh, disgusted, emitted a stream of tobacco juice, shrugged his shoulder, turned on his heel.

"Come on, Hickey, let's get back where there's white men."

* * *

The platoon dragged slowly on, their legs soaked around the knees from the dew nestling on the tall wheat. For perhaps a mile they had marched, and the platoon, like a sensitive instrument, was beginning to have an unaccountable perception of danger, when shoes were heard swishing through the heavy wheat, and a voice said:

"Turn around, you damned fools. Do you want to walk straight into the German trenches!"

The men breathed relievedly. Apparently they were not going immediately to attack. Recovering, they began audibly to curse the lieutenant.

"The dirty German spy. What the hell does he think he's doin'?"

"Ought to be back at G. H. Q. with the rest of the dummies."

The lieutenant, unable to distinguish the mumbling voices as belonging to any particular persons, vowed to himself that when the platoon was relieved and back in a rest camp, he would give them extra fatigue duty for a month.

* * *

Hick's helmet felt as if it were about to come off. It wobbled from one side to the other. His face was frozen, and when he wanted to speak out he felt that he could not because the muscles that controlled his mouth refused to respond. At first he was intensely aware of his legs, but, surging along with the rest of the platoon, he soon forgot them.

Three Germans were rising up in front of him. "Don't those queer little caps of theirs look funny?" he thought, and, from the hip, he fired his automatic rifle at them. One fell, and the others lifted their hands in the air and bellowed: "Kamerad! Kamerad!" Hicks passed by them, unheeding. More Germans.

Is it unfair to extract these paragraphs? Perhaps. The total effect is the thing,—the incessant push of detail, the press of bayonets, bullets, barbed wire, the dead and the living,—until Hicks, having suffered all, gets the reprieve of spiritual insensibility. Though the war goes on, it scarcely matters. "The soul of Hicks was numb." To veterans of Belleau Wood and Chateau Thierry, as well as the stay-at-homes, this book is the soul of the war itself. The author's artistry is real, though hidden. And his control over the maelstrom, even as he is carried through it, speaks highly of his ability.

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THE SKYLIGHT

Are You a Pompier?

ARTISTS, art-critics, philologists: who will save to the world with some thread of meaning for the next generation that hapless, overworked, worn-out word "Academic"? It has become so indispensable and of such common usage that academicians themselves use it in speaking of offensive colleagues, perhaps too successful in votes or premiums. And that, it seems, is the last stage in deterioration; the word is becoming academic. It was not until the fifties that the word began to assume its present doubtful character, but by the seventies it was already rarely seen in good company; in the nineties Whistler gave it another firm push downward so that in the first ten years of this century the wretched vocable had fallen as low as it could and it has been in the streets ever since. Anyone who has struggled through this spring's Salon will appreciate how hopelessly empty and inexpressive this epithet has become. Over-use has made it about as forceful as a child's "you're-another," or "is-that-so."

The French sense these things quickly and there is a word becoming current in Paris which will be out many more seasons before it is approved by the *Académie*. We have borrowed so many things from France in matters of art that we need not hesitate to seize this useful new expression and take it into our language. This new label may be glued to the Spring Salon, to an old time-table, to Italian opera, to Da-Da-ism, to a last season's best seller, to melodrama in spite of Mr. Griffith, to popular illustrators, to mission furniture, to rigid moralists, to people who wear wing collars, to illustrated songs, and finally to all calendars of the preceding

year and to most of them for this. Soon, I am afraid, it will be attached to most of the people who are just beginning to see something in Negro sculpture. The word this paragraph will introduce is "*pompier*." Its meaning is a little broader than "academic" and the crimes it covers are more flagrant, but it can often be used with better sense, and it will give the older word a chance to recover its strength. *Pompier*: may it travel far and do its duty well before it in turn comes to *be* what it now signifies.

Then there is another frame of mind, or condition of spirit, that neither academic nor *pompier* will quite cover, for which another new word is needed. It will be used to describe something that ought to be good but which doesn't ring when tapped. This third label will be stuck to the type of artist who in 1910 was painting with a good deal of blue-green and purple in short diagonal strokes; it will be applied in the spring of 1924 to people who accept indiscriminately all Negro sculpture, to the type who intones on Maya art because it is *récherché* and "in the movement," to the drawings of the anæmic fashionables, very often to Jean Cocteau and it could be applied to the Futurist movement if it were not already *pompier*. Sometimes I think it would describe the Fascisti. *Pompier* would be used at the Salon and "this other" would be a godsend at the Independents. An appropriate name is always damning, and a thing can't be fought until it is classified. While we are proscribing the academic and the *pompier* we would do well to put this third on the list.

Paris, 1923.

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